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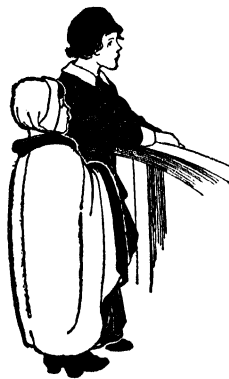
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LITTLE



PIONEERS



The little procession took its way to the common house

LITTLE PIONEERS

BY

MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

*Author of "King Arthur and His Knights," "Robin Hood
and His Merry Men," and "Manabozho"*

ILLUSTRATED BY

LUCY FITCH PERKINS



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

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MAUDE RADFORD WARREN



Made in U. S. A.

To

Robin Stevens

A LITTLE DESCENDANT OF
ELDER BREWSTER



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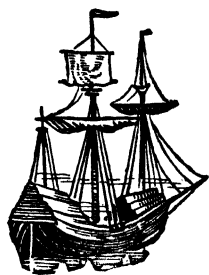
THE INTRODUCTION

THIS book, *Little Pioneers*, deals with the adventures of the Pilgrims during the first year in New England up to Thanksgiving Day. It consists of what might be called a series of fact-stories. That is, dates and names and all the main events portrayed have been set down precisely from the narrations in William Bradford's Journal. The individual traits of the different characters, as gathered from this journal, and from other histories bearing on the events of the time, have been utilized as accurately as may be, considering the limitations of interpretation. But certain conversations, though true to the general situation, have necessarily been invented. Moreover, the daily living of the Pilgrims has been generalized from partial descriptions in Bradford's book, from what has been stated in later histories, and from what it is assumed the pioneer conditions of that time must have been. Finally, the industries in which the Pilgrim children are supposed to have shared have been largely taken from accounts written in those happy years when the colonies were sure of continued existence. Emphasis has

been put on these house and field occupations, because a grasp on them, as well as on the external events of the time, will help little readers to a fuller comprehension of early life in the first colony.

Little Pioneers has been written from the point of view of the child pioneer, and not of the adult pioneer, for the reason that this is the most economical way of making young readers really feel the tremendous achievement of those brave men and women who, by sheer courage, endurance, and faith, conquered New England. By following the adventures of Love Brewster and his friends, the child readers put themselves in the place of those other children, and feel the dramatic force of the struggles and accomplishment of that first year in the New World. It is hoped that a realization of that splendid bravery will have its small share in bringing to the child the understanding of true and healthful patriotism which comes to him, if at all, in his grammar-school days.

MAUDE RADFORD WARREN





Oh, if we could only reach land!" said Love Brewster

LITTLE PIONEERS

CHAPTER I

GIFTS OF THE SEA

HOW the sea heaved! The little ship *Mayflower* was fighting her way to America through the waves. Sometimes she lifted herself as if she were going to fly; sometimes she dipped until her hand-rail almost touched the water.

She was a queer-looking ship, with a high deck and dark cabins and great sails. She leaked a little, and she tossed a great deal. But the hundred people on board were very thankful to have any kind of ship. They were poor, and they had suffered a great deal. Now they were coming to a new country where they could be free.

A group of children stood near the middle of the deck, looking out over the dark waters. Some of them were very little; others were fifteen or sixteen years old. Nearly all of them looked sad and tired.

"Oh, if we could only reach land!" said Love Brewster.

Love was eight years old, with eyes as blue

as English violets. His brown hair was curly, though Mistress Brewster, his gentle mother, cut it very short.

"I do not believe we shall ever get off this water," said Bart Allerton, Love's best friend.

At this little Damaris Hopkins began to cry, and Priscilla Molines, a pretty, merry-faced girl, picked her up and soothed her.

"Hush, children," she said to Love and Bart; "only have patience."

"But, Priscilla, I have no room to run," said Love.

"And everybody looks so sad," said little Remember Allerton. "The ship may be going to sink, as they feared last week."

"Nay, nay," answered Priscilla, laughing; "our elders always look sad."

"Except you, dear Priscilla," Love said.

Priscilla was French. Although she was going with the grave English to America, many a time her gay laugh caused her elders to shake their heads and sigh. But Priscilla was as bright as the sunshine of France, and as merry as the music the peasants of her own country loved, and she could not change her nature.

She wore a touch of color at her throat, and the children liked to see it. The other women wore gray or black dresses; even the little girls

wore sober colors, and their dresses came to their feet, making them sedate little copies of their mothers. The girdles and trousers and doublets of the men and boys were all of dark materials. The Pilgrims did not believe in gay colors — nor, indeed, in gayety of any sort.

“Now I will tell you a secret,” Priscilla said. “Something has happened that you will all like.”

“What is it?” they all asked.

“God has sent us a gift,” Priscilla said.

“Oh, is it something to eat?” asked Wrestling Brewster, Love’s seven-year-old brother.

“No.”

“I’d rather have something to eat, — a big fruit pudding,” Bart said.

“I’d like to eat three all by myself,” said John Billington.

“Don’t be greedy, John,” Priscilla said. “Listen.”

An odd wailing sound came to them from the high deck cabin.

“It is the wind in the sails,” declared Bart.

“It — it is a cat,” said Wrestling.

At this all the children laughed. They knew very well it was not a cat. It was a long time since they had seen one, although there were two dogs on board.

“Go, Love, to Mr. Hopkins,” said Priscilla.

"Ask him to show you the gift that was sent us all here on the sea."

The other children watched Love as he hurried over the uneven deck, and entered the cabin. Presently he returned with Mr. Hopkins, a tall, grave man, gray-haired and dark-eyed.

"Come then, children, and you shall see the gift," said Mr. Hopkins.

He turned to his little daughter Damaris, who was clinging to Priscilla's hand.

"The gift is for you most of all, Damaris," he said.

The children followed Mr. Hopkins into the cabin. There in the corner stood a quaint little box upon rockers.

"It's a cradle," Love whispered.

"And is a cat in it?" asked Wrestling.

Mr. Hopkins bent down and lifted out a little white bundle.

"It's a baby!" cried the children.

And a baby it was. It opened its little blue eyes, and wrinkled its pink nose, and struck out with its little fists. As the children looked at the baby, John Billington, who was always getting into mischief, tried to tickle it. But Priscilla held his hand.

"Whose baby is it?" asked Bart.

"Mine," said Mr. Hopkins. "He is to be

called Oceanus, because he has come to us here on the great ocean."

Little Oceanus opened his mouth and cried, as if he did not like the Atlantic Ocean. Mr. Hopkins



Mr. Hopkins bent down and lifted out a little white bundle

carried him to his mother, while Priscilla took the children on deck again.

"Baby Oceanus is not English, and he is not

American," said Love. "It is very strange to be born on the sea. He does not belong anywhere."

"Yes, he does," said Bart. "If we are nearer England, he belongs to England. If we are nearer America, he belongs to America."

"But we can't tell where we are; we don't know whether we are near land or not," Love said. "Let us go once more to the front of the ship and look."

"No," said Bart, "it would be of no use. I am tired of trying to see land."

So Love walked by himself to the bow of the *Mayflower*. The whole world seemed to be the half of a big ball, the green ocean the flat part and the blue sky the curved part. Love could see nothing but sky and water.

"If there is land, I could see it first, for father says I am far-sighted," he thought.

For a long time he stood there, looking at the white crests on the dark green waves and thinking of little Oceanus. All at once, as he raised his eyes, he gave a jump.

"I do see something!" he shouted. "I see a little gray line away to one side."

He looked and looked till his eyes ached. The longer he looked, the surer he was that he saw land.

He ran to his father, who was the elder, or

minister, of the little company. Elder Brewster was talking to Mr. Hopkins.

"Oh, dear father, may I speak to you?" Love said. For the little Pilgrim children had been taught to show great respect to their parents.

"What is it, child?" asked Elder Brewster.

"I see land!" shouted Love. "Let me tell Captain Jones that I see land!"

At that moment a sailor away up on the mast shouted, "Land, ho!"

How the children laughed! Even their sober elders smiled, and the sailors of the ship cheered loudly.

"I knew it was land, and I found it first," Love said, jumping up and down.

Quiet little Wrestling Brewster took his father's hand.

"God has given us two gifts to-day," he said. "Little Oceanus and the land."

CHAPTER II

AT ANCHOR

IT WAS the eleventh of November, 1620. For two days the *Mayflower* had been sailing in sight of land. She had come on the ninth of November to Cape Cod. Then the captain had tried to go to the Hudson River, but had finally decided that it was wiser to return to anchor in Cape Cod Harbor.

One after another the children woke with the feeling that something splendid had happened. They dressed quickly and ran up on deck. Many of their parents and elders were leaning against the hand-rail, gazing on the land. The children looked with joy upon the splendid harbor, large enough to hold a thousand ships. The sand shone like gold, and beyond the shore rose great green cedar and pine trees. They could see multitudes of wild fowl, and gulls flying and calling. The children would have liked to shout and jump, but they were always quiet in the presence of their elders.

Priscilla was standing in the stern of the ship, talking to John Alden. The children had always found these two ready to answer their questions,

so they went to John and Priscilla, quickly but noiselessly.

"John Alden!" called Bart. "Tell me what it is that makes the water spout high up in the air, out beyond us."

"Whales," John Alden replied. "The captain says that if only we had the instruments to take those whales we should earn much money."

The children knew that it was necessary for the Pilgrim fathers to earn money to pay off their debts.

"It will make us so glad to get a home of our own," Love said, "that we shall soon be rich."

Priscilla and John Alden smiled at each other. They knew that the children did not realize that they were little pioneers. They had come many hundreds of miles to work in a new land for other children. They would, while still children, work as hard as if they were men and women. And some day other children would read about the lives of these little pioneers, and think of them as the founders of America.

"Father says we may find sassafras," Love said; "and sassafras sells for a good price in England."

"And otter and beaver skins," Bart added.

"When are we to land?" John Billington asked.

"You'd better be thinking of your breakfast,"

Priscilla said. "Come with me, and I will give it to you."

The children followed her to the cabin. Priscilla and Mary Chilton gave them food, and they all talked as much as they wanted to.

"Maybe this is the last stale water I need drink," said Bart, making a face as he drank from his mug.

"And no more moldy bread," said John Billington.

He threw the crust he was holding under his stool, but Priscilla made him pick it up.

"Waste not, want not," she said gravely. "You do not know that this new land will be a land of plenty."

"Will there be cows?" asked Remember Allerton.

Three of the little girls, Mary Allerton, Damaris Hopkins, and Ellen More, looked up anxiously. They all liked milk, and they had had none for many weeks. Perhaps once a week they were allowed butter as a great treat. Priscilla was sorry to disappoint them.

"I am afraid we shall not have milk till they send cows from England," she said. "But we shall have other good food. There will be new kinds of fish and nuts. We shall find something to eat."

"And perhaps we shall find things to eat us," said John Billington; "bears and lions."

He growled in a harsh deep voice, and Damaris



Priscilla made him pick up the crust

Hopkins and little Resolved White, who were only five years old, began to cry.

"Nay, then, if you can find nothing better to do, go back to bed, John," said Priscilla.

None of the children ever disobeyed Priscilla, so John got up from his stool, and went away, grumbling. Damaris and Resolved stopped crying, and the other children began to ask Priscilla questions.

"How can I answer you all at once?" she asked. "Besides, you must come on deck. Our elders need the cabin."

The children went on deck, and once more leaned over the hand-rail, gazing at the shore. Mistress Brewster, Love's mother, a gentle, white-haired, sweet-faced lady, joined Priscilla.

"The little ones are glad to see the green again," she said. "They do not know what dangers lie before them."

"Nay, surely we have left all dangers behind," Priscilla said. "We have done with persecution, and strange countries. We have passed over the furious ocean, and come in safety to our own land, America, to serve God in our own way."

Mrs. Brewster smiled, but sadly. She knew better than Priscilla what the Pilgrims had to face, though even she did not guess all they were to endure. When a traveler goes to a new country now he often has friends to meet him, or, if not friends, at least there are strangers who will be kind to him. He finds houses to shelter him, and shops where he can buy what he needs.

There is no lack of food and clothes for him. No matter how strange the place is to which he has come, there will always be people who can tell him all about it.

But the Pilgrim fathers had come to a country of which they knew but little. They did know that this new land was full of Indians who might not be friendly. They also knew that the winters were cold and perhaps there were dangerous wild beasts in the forests. The winter was coming on, and all that stood between them and death was the *Mayflower*. But the stock of food in the *Mayflower* was running low, and the sailors were in a hurry to have the Pilgrims land.

Indeed, some of the most impatient ones muttered that they ought to put the Pilgrims and their property on the sands and then sail away and find a safe harbor for the *Mayflower*. But others were willing to wait until the shallop was repaired. The shallop was a large boat capable of holding perhaps forty people. It was to be used for exploring the bays and rivers. It had been cut down so that it could fit between the decks, and it was otherwise in a state of bad repair, because some of the people had been sleeping in it.

When the children were tired of looking at the shore, they began again to ask Priscilla and

Mistress Brewster when they should be allowed to land.

"Some of the men are going on shore to-day, to bring us fresh water and wood," Mistress Brewster said; "but you children must wait."

Just then Elder Brewster, Mr. Carver, Captain Miles Standish, John Alden, and several other men came out of the cabin. They had been drawing up an agreement which has had a great effect on the history of all of us now living in America. They agreed to combine themselves into a "civil body politic" to plant a colony. They meant to advance the Christian faith. They meant to enact just and equal laws for the general good of the colony, to which they all promised obedience. Mr. Carver was chosen for the governor.

Love and Bart and the other children watched the elders respectfully, little knowing that the agreement just entered into would sow the seeds of the American republic. All the children were thinking of was how soon they could go on shore.

They looked over the side of the vessel, and watched the sailors lower the small boat. Into this some fifteen men descended, all wearing armor.

"I do not think the arrows of the savages can hurt them," Love said.

"I wish I could swim to shore and go with them," John Billington whispered.

*Standish wrote his name Myles.

"Why can't we go, Priscilla?" asked Bart.
"The little boat could take us all in ten trips."

"Tut, tut," Priscilla said. "You should think



*They looked over the side of the
vessel and watched the sailors*

before you speak. We must find out what the land is like before we give the men the trouble of landing us. Do you suppose all the land is

equally good? Are not some spots in England better than others? Our men must spend some days in looking for the best spot."

"And to-morrow is Sunday," John Billington said. "They will never let us land on Sunday!"

"No," Priscilla replied; "but we women are going on shore on Monday to wash the clothes. You shall all come and help. You shall gather brushwood to make the fires, and carry water from the spring."

"I shall run a mile!" Love cried.

"I shall find nuts," Bart said.

"And I'll dig for shellfish," John Billington said.

The children made these plans while they watched the boat being rowed close to shore. They saw the men land and then go marching across the sands, little black dots. All day long the children played contentedly. Every time they got impatient, they tried to remember how much better it was to ride at anchor than to toss about on the sea. They looked at the shore, and told each other that in forty hours they should be on land.

Late in the afternoon the exploring party came back. They brought fresh water, and sweet-smelling cedar, which they called juniper. They had not found any especial place in which to start a settlement, but they had a good report

to make of the country. The soil was rich, and there was plenty of wood.

"We can stay in these parts," Love said to Bart. "We need not look for the Hudson River."

"If once I get off the *Mayflower*," Bart said, "I will never set foot in her again. I am tired of the ocean."

"I am glad that we can soon begin to say 'home,'" Love replied. "I want to help build the houses, and then I shall know we are really settled in America."

CHAPTER III

EXPLORING

JOHN ALDEN sat in the little dark paneled cabin of the *Mayflower*, looking into a group of eager faces. All the children were there. In the front row were Love Brewster and his younger brother Wrestling, Bart Allerton and his brother Remember and his sister Mary, and John Billington and his brother Francis. At one side sat Damaris Hopkins and Ellen More, with little Resolved White between them. The older children were in the background with their mothers.

The children and women were looking eagerly at John Alden, because he was about to tell them the story of the first real exploration. It was Friday, the seventeenth of November. On Wednesday, the fifteenth, sixteen men had set out, wearing armor and carrying muskets and swords. They had returned all tired out.

"As you know," began John Alden, "we grew weary of waiting for the carpenter to finish the shallop by which we might explore the rivers running into the land. So we decided to explore the lands on foot. You may have seen us walking in single file by the sea."



*Sixteen men set out, wearing armor and carrying muskets
and swords*

"Yes," put in John Billington, who liked to interrupt, "but you only walked a mile by the sea."

"That is true," John said, "and the reason was that after a while we saw coming toward us five

or six people and a dog. We thought it was Captain Jones and some of his men, whom we knew were ashore. When these people saw us they whistled to their dog and ran into the woods. Then we knew they were Indians, and we marched after them."

"Oh," whispered little Damaris Hopkins, trembling.

"We followed them by the traces their footsteps made in the sand," John Alden continued. "We went about ten miles. They ran up a hill to see if we followed them. At last night came, and we felt hungry and tired. So we set three sentinels to watch, and the rest of us gathered wood and kindled a fire, and had some biscuits and Holland cheese.

"In the morning, as soon as it was light enough, we followed the tracks of the Indians. These tracks led us into a wood, where we supposed we should see some Indian dwellings. But we found ourselves marching among thick boughs and bushes which tore our flesh and even our armor. We did not see the Indians, or their houses, nor did we find any water. We had carried no water with us, and we were very thirsty.

"About ten o'clock we came into a deep valley, full of brush and long grass. There we saw a deer, bending his head down."

"You knew he must be drinking from a spring," Love whispered.

John did not mind this interruption. He was always pleased when the children thought for themselves.

"After we had had all the water we needed," he continued, "we went south, because we wanted to come to the shore and build a fire so that you on the ship would see it, and know where we were, and that we were safe. We marched on until we reached another valley, where we found a splendid pool of fresh water. Here also were tracks of deer and fowl, and also many vines and much sassafras."

At this the children looked delighted. They knew how much their elders counted on selling sassafras in London.

"Best of all, we found fifty acres of land which had been plowed, and where the Indians had planted their corn."

Again the children looked glad, for even the youngest child knew how necessary it was for the well-being of the Pilgrims that they should find fields fit for growing food.

"Then," continued John, "we found something that the children will wish to know about. After further marching, we struck into a little path leading to certain heaps of sand. One of these

was covered with old mats, and had a wooden thing like a mortar on top of it, and an earthen pot laid in a little hole at the end of it. We dug, and found a bow and arrows, all decayed. We believed that if we dug farther we should find other things, but we supposed we were digging into graves, so we stopped. We felt it would offend the Indians if we touched their graves.

"We marched on, and found new stubble from which the Indians had got corn this very year. We found walnut trees, with nuts on them, strawberry vines, and grapevines."

John Alden smiled, put his hands in his pockets, and drew out about a hundred nuts which he divided among the children. Then he continued his story.

"We came to a field where a wigwam had stood, and near by were several planks, and a great ship's kettle. The planks were probably the remains of a hut built by shipwrecked sailors, and no doubt the kettle also belonged to them. Near by was a heap of sand, so recently made that we could see the marks of the fingers which had patted it down. We formed ourselves into a ring about this, and began to dig. First we found a little old basket full of fair Indian corn. We dug farther, and found a great new basket full of corn. It had thirty-six ears, some yellow, and some

red, and others mixed with blue. This basket, which was round, and narrow at the top, was of different colors, and was very beautifully made. It held three or four bushels, and was as much as two of us could lift up from the ground."

"Oh," cried Love, "that was an Indian barn or granary."

"You are right, Love," replied John Alden. "We consulted as to what we should do. We knew we must have corn to plant if we are to keep ourselves alive. We decided to carry away the kettle and as much of the corn as we could. Then, when the shallop is ready, we shall find the Indians, and return the kettle. There were a great many loose kernels, and these we put in our pockets."

John took some grains from his pocket and passed them about among the children. They looked at the corn with interest, for none of them had ever seen any before. John Billington lifted a grain to his mouth, but Priscilla, who had been watching him, took it away from him.

"That grain of corn," she said, "which you would so thoughtlessly waste, may produce enough to feed a child for a day."

"We walked on," John Alden continued, "two men carrying the great kettle. We were looking for a river, and on the way to it we found an old

palisade, or rude fort, which looked as if it might have been built by white men. Perhaps the people who owned the kettle made it. We came to the water, but whether it was fresh or salt we had no time to discover, for we had had our orders to be out only two days. Then, what do you think we found?"

"Oh, what?" cried the children.

"Two canoes, made of birch bark, so light that two men could have carried one of them over the land all day without getting tired."

"Oh, I wish you had brought them back!" John Billington said.

"They were not ours," Alden said.

"Nay, neither was the corn," Bart Allerton whispered.

"But the corn was necessary to sustain our lives," explained John Alden, "and we know that the Indians have more corn all over this country. We do not need the canoes to save our lives."

"Nay, continue the story, John Alden," Priscilla said.

"There is little more to tell. We went back to the fresh-water pond, and there we made a great fire, and put a barricade to windward. We kept good watch, with three sentinels, each man standing when his turn came. It was a rainy, cold night.

"In the morning we took our kettle and sunk

it in the pond. We had to look sharp to our muskets, for few of them would go off, because of the wet. Then we went toward the wood



*"In the morning we took our kettle and
sunk it in the pond"*

again, meaning to come home, but we lost our way. While we were wandering, we came to a tree. We saw a young sapling bent down to the

ground, with some acorns strewn under it. Stephen Hopkins said it was made to catch deer. William Bradford had been standing some distance away. Not seeing what he was doing, he stepped on the trap. It caught him by the leg, and tripped him."

The children smiled. They would have liked to laugh out loud, but they were afraid to. Priscilla, however, did laugh, and the women looked at her reprovingly. They all thought Priscilla was too light-hearted, for in their serious lives laughter had small place. But the children liked Priscilla's merry ways.

"Our marching was by no means done," John Alden continued. "We went on. Soon we saw three splendid bucks. To tell the truth, children, we would rather have had one than seen three, for we longed for fresh meat. We saw many geese and ducks that were much afraid of us. At last we caught a couple of partridges, and very glad we were to have them. It was hard work walking in our armor, and with the weight in our pockets. Besides, the sand was heavy on our feet. When we were not walking on the sand, we were walking in water up to our knees; I fear that some among us have taken heavy colds. At last we came in sight of the *Mayflower*, and she was a glad sight to us."

"Perhaps," said little Damaris Hopkins, "perhaps you were as glad to see the *Mayflower* as we were to see land a week ago."

"Perhaps we were, my little maid," John replied.

"What happened next?" asked John Billington.

"Next we shot off our muskets so that you might know we were safe and near. Governor Carver and Captain Jones, who were on shore, came hurrying to meet us and hear our news. Then we were rowed to the ship. Then I told you this story."

"It is a good story, John Alden, and we thank you," Love said, with grave courtesy.

"But where are we to live?" asked Bart. "Are we to build where the Indian wigwam was?"

"Nay, that is not sufficiently protected."

"Then are we to live where the palisade was?" Bart said.

"Nay, that is too far away from good fields, and is not sufficiently protected," John Alden replied. "In truth, we found no suitable spot."

"We have been here a whole week and have not found our home yet," complained John Billington.

"Not so fast, John Billington," Priscilla said. "Remember that what we choose will affect those who follow us for countless years. We must not be too hasty."

"I suppose," said Love, thoughtfully, "that we must choose a piece of land where there is a good stream and a big hill."

"Why should we want a hill?" Wrestling asked

"To tell when the Indians are coming," Love said; "and to look away out to sea for the ships that will sail to us from England."

"Some day," Priscilla said, "people will stand on the shores and docks of England, looking for great ships which we shall send to them. For we people here, this little handful of people in this cabin, will form a great nation."

The children listened with wondering faces. The women and John Alden listened with rather sad faces. They knew that what Priscilla said was true. But they also knew that hard work and deprivation lay before the founders of the great nation. They were willing to pay the price, but they feared it would be heavy.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST ENCOUNTER

IT SEEMED to the children of the *Mayflower* as if they were never going to find a place to land. A company of thirty-six men set out late in November and the children felt sure they would find a good place for a home, especially since their dear John Alden and Captain Miles Standish were of the number. But the men came back with food, with a wild duck and deer, and with information, but with no settling place decided upon.

John Alden told the children of this journey. He said that the men came to the place where they had first found the corn, and dug farther. They found a bottle of oil, more corn, some baskets of wheat, and a bag of beans, — in all, ten bushels. Some of the men returned to the *Mayflower*, but eighteen went on. In digging into a place covered with boards they found mats, a bow, a carved board, trays and dishes, and two bundles. The bundles contained the skull of a fair-haired man and the bones of a child. Long afterwards the Pilgrims learned that this man was a shipwrecked sailor who had lived for a short time among the Indians.

What interested the children still more was John Alden's account of two Indian wigwams, covered with mats, inside and out, and containing wooden and earthen dishes, colored baskets, deer's heads and feet, and also fish meat, which showed that the Indians had lived there very lately. But John's interesting account did not make up for the fact that the party had not found a suitable place to settle.

On the thirteenth of December the children were leaning over the rail of the *Mayflower*, watching the shallop approach from the shore. It held eighteen men, Captain Miles Standish being the leader. Mistress Brewster and Priscilla stood with them. Mistress Brewster was counting the men.

"All there, and all well, I trust," she said to Priscilla. "Ever since the men saw the Indians on that first exploration, I have been afraid."

"I am like the children," Priscilla said; "I am weary of all this searching. I long for a place we can call home."

The shallop came nearer and nearer. The children could plainly see Captain Miles Standish sitting stern-faced in the front of the boat.

"Do you think they look as if they had good news for us, Bart?" Love asked, as the shallop came nearer. "I cannot read their faces."

"Their faces would be the same," Bart replied, "no matter what had befallen them."

Their nearness to the *Mayflower* inspired the men who were rowing the shallop. They came on now with quick strokes.

"Good cheer!" Captain Miles Standish called, as the shallop drew in to the side of the *Mayflower*. "We have the best of news!"

The explorers climbed up the side of the *Mayflower*, stiff and tired. Some of them were wet through, and all of them were cold. The women made ready food and drink in the warm cabin. Without changing their damp clothes, the men sat down to their food.

After the men had been refreshed, Captain Miles Standish began to tell what had befallen them. Every one had crowded into the cabin. The children made themselves as small as they could, and were very quiet, for fear they should be sent away. They wished that it was John Alden who was telling the story, for he would have let them ask questions, but John had not gone on this exploration.

"We set out on the sixth of December, as you know," Captain Miles Standish began. "It was very cold. We sailed for six or seven leagues till we found a bay, in which we landed. As we approached we saw ten or twelve Indians, busy

over a black thing. They ran away, and when we got close to the black thing we found it was a grampus. They had been cutting blubber from it. That night we saw the smoke from the Indians' fire, some four or five miles from us.

"The next day we followed the tracks of the Indians over the sand. We passed an old corn-field, and a large burying ground. Then we found Indian houses. All day long we traveled, and at night we went back to the shallop. We gathered wood, made a fire, ate of our own food, and set our sentinels to watch.

"We lay about the fire. The sentinels walked up and down, now and then speaking a word to each other. They spoke softly, so as not to wake those who slept. It was very, very still."

"Oh!" cried Priscilla, "I wonder what thoughts were in your mind as you lay about the fire! I wonder if you did not fear the dangers that may come to us in this new country, and think of the miles and miles of salt water lying between us and our friends in our old home."

Some of the Pilgrim fathers frowned at Priscilla, though she looked very sweet and earnest when she spoke. They did not think she should have interrupted the story. Captain Miles Standish liked Priscilla, and he answered her kindly.

"I did remember that much depended on the

safety of the lives of my men," he said, "and I trusted that we should all be kept safe from harm until we had made a new nation for the Lord. After a while I went to sleep. Just about midnight I was awakened by a hideous cry.

"'Arm! arm!' cried one of the sentinels.

"Some of the men roused up from beside the fire, and looked about them, with staring eyes.

"'Nay,' cried another of the sentinels, who was a sailor; 'that is a cry I have often heard in Newfoundland. It is the cry of wolves or of foxes.'

"To be safe, we shot off a couple of muskets, and the noise ceased. We supposed that it was wolves, and we went back to sleep."

Love and Bart were listening intently. They knew from the manner of Captain Standish that he had more to tell them about that hideous cry.

"About five in the morning," he continued, "we arose, had our prayers, and got breakfast. We carried everything to the shallop, including our arms. While we were sitting about the fire, eating our breakfast, we again heard that dreadful cry.

"'Woach! woach! ha! ha! hach! woach!'"

How the children jumped as the captain repeated the sound! Little Damaris Hopkins put her fingers in her ears, and shuddered. Remember Allerton clung tight to his brother Bart. Ellen

More cried softly, and hid her head in the lap of Mistress Brewster. The captain leaned forward in his big armchair, and spoke more quickly.

"One of the men, who had left the fire and gone into the open, came running back, and cried, 'They are men! Indians! Indians!'

"Then arrows began to rain upon us. Some of us ran, unprotected, to the boat, to get our arms. We were in such a hurry that one or two slipped in the sands by the boat, and fell. One man dropped his musket in the water. Two or three of us seized and tugged at the same musket. Some of the men stayed by the boat, and the rest of us ran back to the fire.

"All this time the arrows kept coming at us, from the direction of the woods. It was still not very light, and we could not see the Indians clearly. I made one shot, and then another man followed it with another shot. Then I bade the men not to waste powder, and not to shoot till they could take good aim.

"We called down to the men at the shallop, 'How is it with you?'

"'Well, well,' they cried. 'Be of good courage.'

"We heard three of their pieces go off, and then we heard them calling for a firebrand to light the matches of their muskets. One brave fellow ran up to the fire, with the Indians shooting at him.

He got a log, put it on his shoulder, and ran back. This we think discouraged the Indians. All this



*"Then arrows kept coming at us from the direction
of the woods"*

time they kept repeating that frightful cry:

"'Woach! woach! ha! ha! hach! woach!'"

Love and Bart were very glad that Captain Standish had repeated the Indian yell. Their lips moved busily, learning it, for they wanted to

use it in "playing Indians." They were so interested in learning the new sounds that John Billington had to pinch them to make them pay attention to the next part of the story.

"We knew that we must frighten the Indians," Captain Standish continued. "We feared that they were angry with us for having disturbed their graves. We were sorry we had done that, but still we could not let them kill us; we had the new settlement to think of. There was a splendid brave Indian, shooting many arrows at us. He was fit to be their chief, because he was larger and braver than the others.

"I took aim at him, but my ball only shaved the bark of the tree, and he uttered a yell, mocking me. If a ball could have gone whirling about the tree behind which he was hiding, I could have hit him. I waited till the Indian put out his arm to take aim at us. Then I shot, and the ball went into his arm. He uttered a great shriek, and dropped his bow and arrows. All the Indians ran away through the woods at great speed."

Little Damaris Hopkins began to cry quietly, and Priscilla comforted her, whispering, "Never mind, dear; the Indian was not very badly hurt, or he could not have run away."

"We could not tell how many Indians there were," Captain Miles Standish continued, "though

by their noise we judged them to be thirty or forty. We picked up eighteen of their arrows. Some of them were headed with brass, some with hartshorn, and some with eagle's claws. We are



Captain Standish took aim

going to send them to England by Captain Jones when he returns. Not one of these arrows hit us, though they came close. We thanked God for our deliverance. We called this place 'The

First Encounter,' because it was here that we encountered the Indians face to face."

Captain Standish paused. The children supposed at first that this was the end of his story. But looking on the attentive faces of their elders, they knew that there was more to follow.

"We sailed all that day, more than forty miles. It snowed, and the sea was rough, and we were in great danger. Night came on, and the wind increased. Our mast split in three pieces, and the shallop was almost wrecked. At last we got into a harbor, and sailed near an island, and found a good place to anchor. In the morning we explored the island. We found it safe from Indians. We spent the day exploring it, and drying our stuff, and fixing our arms. The next day, being the Sabbath, we rested, and gave thanks.

"On Monday, the eleventh of December, we explored. New Plymouth harbor is a bay greater than Cape Cod. There is plenty of fowl and shellfish; there must be plenty of cod and other fish. There are many brooks, of sweet water and running into the sea. The land is good. There are trees of all sorts,—pine, walnut, beech, birch, hazel, sassafras, holly, and others which we do not know. There are cherry trees and plum trees and other kinds. There are strawberries, onions, all sorts of fruit, and flax or hemp."

Captain Standish paused, and looked at the women.

"There is, besides sand and gravel, an excellent clay, which will wash pots like soap. There is cleared land, and a hill, from whence we can see far into the ocean, and on a clear day far along Cape Cod. We shall have to go an eighth of a mile to get our wood, but that is a small disadvantage. We have at last found a perfect place in which to settle."

Good Governor Carver rose to his feet.

"Let us thank God that He has led us to safety," he said.

Then the pioneers, big and little, held a religious service of thankfulness and rejoicing.

CHAPTER V

HOME

THE *Mayflower* was swinging on her anchor in Plymouth Harbor. She lay a mile and a half from shore. It was the ninth of January, and the little ship had been there since the sixteenth of December. During that time the men had been busy exploring and deciding on the exact spot where the houses should be built.

The men did not begin to fell timber for the houses till Saturday, the twenty-third. They worked all day long on Christmas day. It was on this day that they began to make what was called the common house. It was twenty feet square. In this they meant to keep their arms and stores. The workers intended to live there while they were building the other houses.

It seemed to the children that the day would never come when they should be allowed to leave the *Mayflower* and live on the land; so much time had been lost on account of the weather. One day it was so rough that the men could not row the shallop to shore; sometimes they would spend two or three days on shore without going back to the *Mayflower*. Then they would suffer from

the cold and the storms, and their work would proceed but slowly.

On this ninth of January some of the children were in a corner of the cabin, talking together.



"I wish we could see from the ship how the building goes on"

Several of the men were going on shore to work, and were collecting food and warm clothes.

"I wish we could see from the ship how the building goes on," Bart said. "Then it would not be so hard to wait."

"Nothing happens on this ship," grumbled John Billington.

"John," Love said, "you forget the fine eagle Captain Miles Standish shot last Thursday. It tasted as good as mutton."

"And the next day," Bart added, "a sailor found a herring. I wish we had small hooks that we might find more fish."

"That is a good lad," John Alden said, looking up from a chest he was unpacking.

"I could be a very good lad if only I could step from the shallop to that great round rock which lies near the shore."

"We shall all step on it soon," Priscilla said.

"And then shall we all be free?" Love asked. "I heard Giles Hopkins say we were not our own masters. Shall we be our own masters when we are on shore?"

Mistress Brewster was listening. She knew what hardships the children had to meet, and almost wished they were all back in England or in Holland. She answered Love's question.

"You know we are all very poor, Love. Your father was rich in Scrooby, in England, but when he went to Leiden, in Holland, he worked hard at printing."

"I remember, and Mr. Bradford made cotton cloth, and Resolved White's father carded wool."

"And I made wooden barrels," said John Alden. "Now I must make houses and dig fields for ourselves and our masters in England."

"I was about to tell the children about our masters in England, as you term them," said Mistress Brewster.

"I had thought we came here because we wanted to worship God in our own way," said Bart.

"That is true," answered Mistress Brewster; "but it took money to get us and the *Mayflower* ready. As we were very poor, money was supplied to us by a number of merchants in England. Now we must work in this country to pay them back."

"How much must we pay?" Love asked.

Mistress Brewster sighed, and John Alden said: "The children should know the truth, for they must work as well as we. The terms are hard. We are to work for seven years at fishing or farming or trading with the Indians. At the end of that time we must give half of all we have to these merchants in England."

"John Alden, we should be thankful for any terms," said Priscilla, reproachfully.

"Then, shall not the houses we live in be our own?" asked Love. "We have always had our own house."

"Such matters we must settle a little later," John said. "It is agreed that each family shall have a house to live in, but must give shelter to the unmarried men. We may own our houses without cheating the merchants."

"Must we give up what our mothers spin and weave?" asked Damaris Hopkins.

"One half of everything," said John, "and we must work hard every day except Sunday."

"But this is much better than working in the shops in Leiden," said Priscilla. "We shall have good air to breathe, and plenty of room."

"Aye," said gentle Mistress Brewster; "and we must think of the great nation that may spring up from this small beginning."

"The men are getting into the shallop now," Love said.

"They are going to lay out the street to-day," Mistress Brewster told him. "When they come back we shall know where each house will stand. I like to hear their axes chopping down the trees."

"Am I to help build the houses?" asked Bart. "You know, John Alden, that I am quick with my hands."

"Oh, if we could only go with you to-day!" Love cried.

The children had not been idle on the *Mayflower*. Priscilla had given them lessons to study, and

their mothers had set them at knitting, boys and girls both. Now and then they helped to take care of Oceanus Hopkins, and of a still newer baby, Peregrine White, Resolved's little brother. There was another baby, a few months old, the nephew of good Dr. Fuller. Damaris Hopkins was glad there were three babies to play with. But all the children wanted a change.

"It is milder to-day than it has been," John Alden said. "I shall ask the governor if he will permit two or three of the boys to land with us."

"They ought to come," said Giles Hopkins. "They can fetch and carry for us."

Giles was just past the age when he had to fetch and carry for grown-up people. Now he was sixteen, and doing a man's work. He carried a spade with which he was to help make the foundation of a house. He was as proud of it as Captain Standish was of his sword.

John Alden spoke to the governor and Elder Brewster, and got permission to take two boys on shore. Love and Bart were the two he chose. John Billington was not allowed to go because he was very mischievous, and John Alden was afraid he would fall into the water or be carried off by the Indians.

Love and Bart were so glad to go, and so afraid something would happen to keep ~~them~~ them back, that

they did not say another word till they got into the shallop. Then they kept their eyes away from their mothers, who leaned, with the other women, over the rail. They drew long breaths of relief when the oars began to dip into the water, and a wide patch of green, choppy waves stretched out between them and the *Mayflower*.

Love was repeating to Bart his wish that he had been the first to step on the great stone which we now call Plymouth Rock. Bart said it did not matter who touched the rock first, but after they reached the rock, and all the men had stepped on it and then on the shore, he ran back. He lay down flat and touched the whole outer rim of the rock, wriggling around in a circle.

"What are you doing? They'll look behind and see you," Love said.

"I was touching places on the rock no one else touched," Bart said. "So I've touched more of the rock first than you have."

John Alden called them.

"Make haste, boys; no time to-day for idle hands," he said.

Love and Bart turned from the rock and looked at their new home. There was the hill of which they had so often heard, from which it was possible to look far out to sea. The men had been busy there, building a platform for their

cannon. The quiet hill had been changed into a fortification.

"Oh, look!" Love cried. "I can see how they are going to lay out Leiden Street."

"Yes," John told them; "it is to be fully eight hundred yards long, running down to the shore. In the middle there will be a cross street. On one corner of this will be the governor's house, and on another, Elder Brewster's house. The cross-road will separate the elder's house from your father's house, Bart. Next to you will be the house of John Billington's father. What do you think of the common house?"

How good that house looked to the children! The logs had been set upright, side by side in a trench, leaving space for a fireplace, a door, and two windows. Earth was packed in about the logs to keep them upright. A band made of split logs was laid along these upright logs, both inside and outside, to prevent any from falling.

"They are going to make a puncheon floor," Bart said.

"What is a puncheon floor?" asked Love.

Bart, being proud of his knowledge, replied that it was made of logs split in two, with their faces smoothed by a broadax.

"But surely there will be other houses, John Alden?" Bart said.

"Yes, indeed; we shall have nineteen," John Alden replied.

But it was many a day before there were nineteen houses in Plymouth.

"It will take a long time to build them," Love said, doubtfully. "Will some of us have to live in the *Mayflower* till they are all built?"

"The *Mayflower* will house all the women and children and some of the men for many days yet," John Alden replied. "But as soon as three or four of the houses are built, we shall live in those."

Some of the men, among them John Alden and Giles Hopkins, were already at work in the common house, while others were on their way to the woods. When Love looked at the chapped and bleeding hands of John and Giles, he knew how hard they must have worked in the frozen earth and the frozen forest.

"Has this common house a stone foundation?" Love asked, gazing at the newly placed logs.

"A stone foundation!" cried Giles. "Love Brewster is asking for a stone foundation! Nay, then, do you think our houses are going to look like Scrooby Manor?"

But John Alden did not laugh.

"Some day we shall have stone houses, perhaps, but they must be made of logs for years to come. Go, boys, to the woods after the men, while Giles

and I make mortar. Do whatever work they bid you."

The men had already reached the woods, and as Bart and Love hurried after them they could



"Has this common house a stone foundation?" Love asked hear the sound of ax blows. Soon they saw the dark figures of the Pilgrims among the tree trunks. The men had cut down several trees, stripped them of branches, and so made logs of

them. Now they were squaring these logs with their broadaxes.

"Watch there, child," called Captain Standish, "for you must square many a log before you are my age."

"Oh, I know how," said Bart, proudly. "Only you are squaring them on two sides, instead of four."

"Two sides are all we need to fit the logs together," said the captain.

Then he began to help at dragging the logs by ropes and chains to the place where the next house was to be built.

"How large a clearing they have made!" Love said.

The men had destroyed the underbrush and had left a clearing many yards square. But it was spoiled by jagged stumps, their white tops contrasting with the green of the pine trees.

"Come, boys, to work!" called Captain Standish, as he looped a chain around the end of a log. "Go to the swamp and gather rushes to thatch the common house."

Bart Allerton had a knife, but not Love. One of the men lent Love a knife and told him not to cut his fingers. The boys set off for the swamp. They wanted to run, but they were afraid that if they did some one would call after them, "More haste, less speed."

The rushes were not so pretty as they are in the summer time. But the boys did not think of their beauty; they only knew that they would have to cut all they could as soon as they could, so that the house might be thatched as quickly as possible. They stood in half-frozen mud and water, and cut and hacked at the rushes. Their feet grew cold; the stiff rushes cut their hands, and their bodies ached.

"We've got a great pile," Love said at last. "I wish they would let us use some of them for mats. I think I could braid a rush mat."

"Braided mats!" cried Bart; "nay, that is too fanciful work for us pioneers. When we have a meetinghouse, and a fort, and a palisade, and several houses built, we may think of braided mats."

"To work again; we are resting too long," Love said.

So the boys began to cut the rushes once more. They were only too glad to do their share of the pioneer work.

CHAPTER VI

HOW THE BOYS GOT DINNER

IT WAS almost twelve o'clock. Love and Bart were staggering down to the common house, each with a load of rushes. In the short morning there had been great progress in the building.

John Alden and Giles Hopkins had finished plastering the crevices between the logs with clay mortar. They were now working upon the roof. Poles had been laid across it, and they were covering these with birch bark. On top of the birch bark would be bound the rushes which Bart and Love had been working so hard to gather.

Other men had marked out the lots on which the other houses were to be built. The men having the largest families were to have the largest plots. Bart Allerton's father had already set to work on his house, and Elder Brewster on his. It was thought that if each head of a family built his own house, the work would get on faster.

"Boys," John Alden called down, "you shall have a change of work now. Go back to the woods and bring all the chips and branches you can carry. We are going to have a fire."

"Good!" said Giles Hopkins. "That means hot food."

"We are to have the two wild ducks Captain Standish shot yesterday," John Alden said.

Love picked up an Indian basket that lay in a corner of the common house. He and Bart went



The boys gathered three loads of branches

back to the woods and began to gather branches and chips.

"Pick up pine cones, too," Love said, "for they burn well."

The boys gathered three loads of branches and three of chips before John Alden was satisfied.

Then he said: "Why do you not set about building a fire? Love, go to your father, and ask him for his tinder box."

Love ran off and soon returned with a round box. Opening it, John Alden took out a flint, a steel, and a piece of linen which was called the tinder.

"Here, Bart," John said; "I have seen you strike fire from flint and steel."

Bart took the flint and steel and sat on the ground.

He struck the two together again and again, hoping that a spark would fall in the tinder and set it on fire. He knew, however, that it might be half an hour before he could make fire. Meanwhile, Love was shaving fine little slivers of wood from dry chips.

He added a few dry oak leaves, which he crumbled into a little dust heap. Then he sat watching Bart.

"Love," Giles Hopkins called, "John Alden says that we can cook our food, whatever it is, on the hearth."

The chimney of the common house (so far as we know) was what is called a rung chimney. It was made of logs laid up crosswise, one upon another, and well plastered with clay, inside and out. The hearth was of hard-beaten clay. At

the back, six feet from the floor, was the back-log, in which two hooks had been set. That meant that two kettles of food could boil at the same time.

Bart was still working with flint and steel. Suddenly a little spark of fire fell on the linen.

"There!" cried Love. "You have struck a light at last."

They watched the linen slowly flame and scorch. Bart shaded it carefully with his hands until the tiny slivers of wood caught fire. Soon there was a blazing fire.

"We'll have to move it to the hearth on a shovel," Bart said.

John Alden climbed down from the roof of the common house.

"Out of my way, boys," he cried. "Let me pick up the fire."

He put the burning chips on a shovel, and carried them into the common house. The boys followed him through the open door space. Some of the men stopped their work to watch John Alden building the first hearth fire ever made in the new home. Bart and Love added chips, and then boughs, to the growing fire.

Elder Brewster looked in, as he was passing by.

"That is a cheerful sight," he said. "When we can put a great log in that fireplace, we shall know what comfort is."

"John Alden," Love cried, "where did the clay come from to chink the logs?"

"From the spring your father discovered — Pilgrim spring," John replied. "You and Bart may go to the spring this moment. Take the big iron kettle which stands outside with our food. Fill it with water and bring it back."

The kettle weighed fully twenty pounds. Bart and Love carried it between them to the spring, which was a beautiful rivulet running down a slope. Blackberry and strawberry vines grew on the banks, and one or two willows drooped near by. The boys knelt and drank. They thought they had never tasted more delicious water. Bart, who was very fond of his sister, said, "I must carry some of this to Mary and Remember, when we return to the *Mayflower*."

They filled the kettle and carried it back, stumbling a little under the weight. As they went on, they heard the sound of a shot. When they were near the common house they saw Captain Standish coming out of the wood. He carried his gun under his left arm, and a great feathered creature in his right hand.

"Look men, all!" he shouted. "Our dinner will be the best you have tasted for many a day — if the lads show skill in cooking."

"'T is a wild turkey," said Giles Hopkins.

"Aye! and does not weigh less than twenty pounds, as my good right arm can testify," said



*Captain Standish carried a great feathered creature
in his right hand*

Miles Standish. "Here, boys, make the most of it. Let us see what cooks ye will prove."

The men smiled, but Bart, who felt that he was chief cook, looked very serious.

"Let Giles Hopkins hang the kettle on the chain and the chain on the hook of the back-log," he said. "I cannot lift so much alone."

Giles soon set the kettle swinging above the fire. The men went back to their work, while Bart took out his strong clasp-knife.

"See, Love," he said. "I will cut off the two great wings. When they are dried we shall give them to our mothers to dust the hearth with."

"Perhaps they will serve as brooms, too," said Love.

"Not unless the women sweep on their knees," Bart said. "We shall find brooms in some way."

Bart had some difficulty in cutting off the wings of the turkey. Then he took off its head and feet.

"Now," he said to Love, "I shall dip it quickly in the water, and then we'll take the feathers off."

As soon as the water was hot enough, Bart tied a piece of leather string around the legs of the turkey, and dropped it in the water with a great splash. The hot water dashed over the hearth and spattered Love's doublet.

"Kettle is too full," said Bart. "Come, and help me take him out."

They drew the turkey out and dropped him on the earth in front of the hearth. After a few moments, they began to pick off the feathers. They did this rather awkwardly.

"Mother is quick at this," Bart said. "But she never let Mary or me help her, so I am slow."



*Bart had some difficulty in cutting off the wings
of the turkey*

"Should we not pour out this water and get clear?" asked Love.

"I suppose we should," said Bart, "but we have not time. The men will be hungry and will be sorry they trusted us, if we wait much longer."

Bart cut open the turkey, and drew it. Then he dipped out mugs of hot water, and poured them on the turkey until it was thoroughly clean. Next he cut it up, and dropped the pieces into the kettle.

"Here is the cover of the kettle," said Love.

Bart laughed.

"You don't think this is ready, do you?" he asked. "We must put salt in. And oh, I have a good thought!"

He ran toward Giles Hopkins.

"Giles, will you give me the onions you were going to eat with your bread?" he asked.

"What do you want them for?" asked Giles. "Must I eat only dry bread?"

"Do but give them, Giles," Bart begged. "It is for the dish I am cooking."

"Take them, then," said Giles, good-naturedly. "I have them here in my doublet."

He handed Bart two large onions.

Bart took them, and he and Love cut them up quickly and dropped them into the kettle.

"Before many minutes, now," said Bart proudly, "the men will be having the first hot meal in the common house."

Just before Bart thought the turkey was ready he said suddenly to Love: "But what will the men eat the broth in, Love? We have but two mugs here. I suppose they will have to take turns."

"No, they need not. You shall see!" cried Love. He ran down to the shore, and before long came back with a pile of large clam shells.

"I saw these as we came up," he said. "They will hold many spoons full."

"Then we are all ready," said Bart. He called John Alden to lift the kettle off. The men stopped working on the roof and descended, calling to those who were working on the other houses. Love ran for the bread and sea-biscuit, while John Alden lifted the kettle down upon the hearth. The men from outside entered, and all sat near the fire. Elder Brewster said a long grace. Then Bart and Love proudly dipped the two mugs into the kettle and poured into each clam shell a piece of turkey and some broth, and handed them to the men.

"Good!" cried Governor Carver and Miles Standish, together, as they tasted the food. Elder Brewster and Mr. Allerton looked approvingly at their boys, but no one thought of praising them for what they had done. And they expected no praise except the knowledge that they had carried out their work well.

Love thought he had never tasted anything better than his first fresh meat in Plymouth, and all the others enjoyed the meal.

Giles Hopkins loudly praised the flavor of his onions, while John Alden kept handing back his clam shell for more broth.

After dinner the boys listened to the men, who

discussed further building. The houses well started were those of Governor Carver and Elder Brewster. They were to be built with the logs set horizontally, and cemented with mud and clay. They might be roofed with logs, but only the governor's house was to have a puncheon floor.

"Puncheon floors are luxuries," said Elder Brewster. "Our gentle Mistress Carver must have one; but the rest of us must be content with the earth for a footing."

After they had rested sufficiently, the men went back to their work. The boys threw the refuse away, and washed the pot and clam shells in cold sea water. Then they put the pot on one side of the hearth and the shells on the other.

They went to the woods next and carried away the broad strips of bark which Captain Miles Standish was cutting off the trees for roof building. Their bones and muscles ached, but they would not say they were tired. At about five o'clock the governor called to them.

"Come, lads," he said, "you have worked enough. Giles Hopkins is going to the ship for blankets and other stores for those who will stay the night here. Go with him."

The boys were glad to go. They walked slowly after Giles to the shore, and sat on the sand while

he made signals to those on board to send the small boat. Soon two sailors rowed in to them, and they entered the boat, too tired to talk. They did not say anything until they reached the *Mayflower*. The little girls, Damaris Hopkins, Ellen More, and Mary Allerton, were leaning over the rail. Bart began to smile.

"We were doing their work to-day," he said. "I wonder if they could have made such good broth as ours."

As they climbed up the sides he called to Priscilla, who reached him her hand, "Oh, Priscilla, Love and I have just cooked the first New England dinner."

Then the women and children led the way to the cabin, and Bart and Love told all the events of their wonderful first day in Plymouth.

CHAPTER VII

A MEMORABLE WEEK

AFTER Love and Bart told of their interesting day on shore the other children wanted to know when they could go. The women were less impatient, all except Priscilla.

"I am like the little ones," she said to John Alden. "I grow tired of hearing you men say, 'We cannot tell.' I wish you would say, 'In one week you may come on shore.'"

When Priscilla spoke, she and John Alden were sitting in the cabin with the women and one or two men who were too sick to work. The children had been sent to play on deck. It was Saturday, the thirteenth of January, and John Alden had rowed out to the *Mayflower* to get some ship's biscuit and butter for the men who were building the houses.

"Nay, then," John answered Priscilla; "no man can say what progress we shall make, for sickness and weather are against us."

Gentle Mistress Brewster sighed heavily. Already on the *Mayflower* sickness and death had been at work. Poor food, confinement for so long in the close quarters of the vessel, and the

cold weather, to which the pioneers were unaccustomed, were the causes of their misfortunes.

"The sickness will cease if once we can get on shore," Priscilla murmured.

"That is what we are working for," John said. "Already we have chosen a house that is to be used for a hospital. The men who are well are working with all speed. Yet so many are sick. The floor of the common house is covered with beds. They are placed side by side as close as they can be. I wish they were only for use at night. But already sick men lie in them all day."

Mistress Carver sighed. She knew that her husband was one of the sick men.

"Only the day before yesterday," John Alden continued, "Mr. Bradford, who is such a good worker, was taken very ill. At first we thought he would die. He is better now, but still, we miss his strong hands. Yesterday it rained so hard after noon that no one could work."

"I trust that you have no more ill news to tell us," Priscilla said.

"Aye, but I have. Yesterday two of the men, John Goodman and Peter Browne, went out with two other men to cut thatch. When they had cut a great deal John and Peter told the other two to bind up the thatch in bundles, while they went on farther. They were at this time about a mile

and a half from the settlement. The other two, after a time, followed John and Peter. But they could not find them."

"Oh!" cried Priscilla, in fear.

"A searching party went out then, but John and Peter were not to be found. This morning we called ten or twelve men away from their work, for we were afraid that our lost men had been taken by the Indians. The search party went seven or eight miles. But they found no trace of those they sought."

Tears stood in the eyes of Mistress Carver. The other women also showed their distress.

"Do not give up hope," John Alden said; "they may yet be found. I may have news to give you of them to-morrow."

"Are you coming back here to-morrow, John?" Priscilla asked.

"Nay; but you are coming to us," John Alden said. "Did I not tell you? It has been decided that we shall all celebrate the Sabbath on shore, since there are more people on shore than on the ship."

How glad the women and children were to hear that! To be keeping the Sabbath on land was a proof to them that before long they would be spending all the days on land. Another reason why they were anxious to go was because they

knew that the sailors were anxious to have them go. They had agreed to take the Pilgrims to New England, but not to keep them all winter on the *Mayflower*.

After John Alden had gone back to shore, the children began making plans about what they should do next day. When they went to bed they could scarcely sleep. Love and Bart awoke long before it was light. They lay still for some time, and then they dressed quietly, and went on deck.

Here they found great excitement. Several sailors, and some of the women, were standing close to the rail, looking toward shore. On the shore was a great flaming fire. The boys stared intently.

"Oh, Love," Bart whispered, "do you see what it is?"

"It is the common house!" Love said. "The common house is on fire!"

Priscilla wrung her hands and wept, though the other women on deck stood without a word or a tear.

"Oh," Priscilla cried, "it is the savages! They have found out how few of us there are, and how many of our men are sick! They killed John Goodman and Peter Browne, and now they have gone to the settlement to kill every one else!"

"Hush, hush," said Mistress Brewster. "It may not be so bad as you think. But we ought to go to the shore at once and find out what has happened."

The tide was out too far for them to start at once. They had some food, and in about three quarters of an hour all of them, except those who were very sick, took their places in the shallop. Even the babies went, Oceanus Hopkins and Peregrine White and Samuel Fuller. Little Samuel had no mother, and Mistress Carver carried him. All the children kept very still as the sailors rowed the shallop to shore. Love and Bart felt very proud, because they had already been on land.

When they drew closer, they saw that the common house was still standing, and that only the thatches of the roof had been burned. They thanked God that the damage had been no worse.

The men came down from the common house to meet the shallop. Husbands greeted their wives and fathers their children. Even the children knew that it was a wonderful occasion. The little procession took its way to the common house. Nearly all of the beds had been moved, so as to make enough floor space. Rough benches had been built, and there was a great fire on the hearth. After the crowded cabin of the

Mayflower, the room seemed large. Best of all, it seemed like home.

When Love and Bart took their seats they saw John Goodman and Peter Browne sitting close to the fire. They did not dare whisper to each other, for religious services were going to be held, but they felt glad that the men had not been caught by the Indians. Love began to think that perhaps the Indians had gone far away.

When every one was seated Elder Brewster began the religious service. It lasted three hours, but the little Pilgrim children were accustomed to long prayers and long sermons. They were not restless or inattentive.

After the service was over, some of the women began to get dinner about the big hearth. Love went quietly up to John Goodman, who was as near the fire as he could get.

"John Goodman," Love said, "will you not tell us what has happened to you, and when you got back home?"

"That I will," John Goodman replied.

He was a stout, brown-haired, good-natured young man, who had always been kind to the children. They were sorry that he looked so sick, and that his feet were bandaged, and were hurting very much.

Love beckoned to Bart to come, and the other



They sat on the bench with John Goodman, and listened eagerly children followed. They sat on the bench with John Goodman, and listened eagerly.

"Peter Browne and I," John Goodman said, "thought we would go to a new place to search for thatch. But as it was dinner time we did not set to work at once. We took bread and meat in our hands, and went for a walk. We whistled to the dogs to come with us."

Love and Bart looked at the dogs, a mastiff and a spaniel, who were lying on the hearth, well out of the way of the women. These were the

only domestic animals the Pilgrims had brought on the *Mayflower*. Often Love had wished that they were two cows instead of two dogs.

"We walked a short way," John Goodman continued, "and we found a beautiful little lake. While we were admiring it, we saw a great deer by the waterside. The dogs at once began to chase it, and we followed the dogs. We were so interested that we did not notice the way we went. After a while, the deer got away from the dogs. They came back with their heads and tails hanging. When we started to go home, we found that we were lost."

"Oh," whispered Damaris Hopkins, "and savages were perhaps in the woods!"

"Aye," said John Goodman; "we thought of that, but not at once. It was still early in the afternoon, and we felt sure we could find our way back. It was wet, and our clothes were not very warm. Then it began to snow. By nightfall we were much disturbed. We were cold, we had no food, and no weapons but our two sickles, with which we had cut thatch.

"Then we gave up hope of getting back to the settlement that night. We began to look for Indian wigwams in which we hoped to find shelter. We found none. Then we heard a most dreadful sound, that terrified us exceedingly."

"Indians!" said John Billington, remembering the war cry of the savages which Captain Standish had told them of.

"No; lions!" replied John Goodman.

To-day we know very well that what John Goodman and Peter Browne heard were wolves. But in those early days the Pilgrims believed that there were both bears and lions in New England.

"We thought that our only safety would lie in climbing trees, if the lions came," John Goodman said. "So we stood each by a tree. We had to hold tight to the mastiff, or it would have run after the lions. All night long we walked up and down under the trees. When light came, we began to search again for the settlement. We passed by many little lakes, and once we came to a plain five miles in length. The savages had burned the trees off it, to use it for planting. We were very hungry, but we had to keep on walking.

"In the afternoon we climbed a high hill. Then we were able to see the harbor, and from that we could make out the direction to take. We began to walk again, and that night we reached the settlement. The men were glad to see us. They gave us food and drink. They had to cut off my boots, for my feet were swollen with the cold. It will be some days before I shall be of much use in the building."

"Were you lying in the common house when the thatch caught fire?" Damaris asked. "For if you were, you must have jumped up on your feet."

"Nay, little maiden," John Goodman answered. "I was snug and warm in the house Mr. Hopkins and his son Giles are building. It was Mr. Carver and Mr. Bradford who lay sick in the common house. Some one had just built the fire for them, and had then gone out. A spark flew out of the chimney and fell on the thatch."

"One little spark!" Love said.

"Aye; Mr. Carver and Mr. Bradford lay with powder near them. If they had not risen hastily they would have been blown up. There were several muskets charged with powder lying in the house. But we got the fire stopped. God has been merciful to us."

The Pilgrims were thankful for all their mercies.

"It is a blessing that our settlement is so nearly ready," Love said to Bart.

"Yes," Bart said; "this has been a good week for us, Love. It has been the best week since we left England, for now I can see for myself how much work has been done. I know that in a few days nobody will be left on the *Mayflower* except the sailors."

CHAPTER VIII

HOW THE PIONEERS KEPT HOUSE

IT WAS a cold February day when all the Pilgrims, except a few who were sick, left the *Mayflower* and stepped upon Plymouth Rock, and then upon the hard beach. All their stores had been moved from the ship to the common house.

"I think," Priscilla said to Mistress Brewster, "now that we have parted from the *Mayflower* we have cut our last tie with our English home."

Priscilla had seen many fine houses and beautiful streets. Yet Leiden Street now seemed beautiful to her. There were but five finished houses, including the common house. The tallest was no more than fourteen feet high. The doors were not set in, and for window panes they had only oiled paper. But Priscilla would not have changed them for a palace, and neither would the children.

Bart and Love knew where their houses were. Love pointed out his to his brother Wrestling. The brothers would have liked to run ahead and enter it, but they followed their parents quietly inside. The ground floor of the little house was divided into two rooms, one to be used as a

kitchen and living room, the other as a bedroom.

"See what a fine large hearth we have," Love said to Wrestling, "and some one has built us a good fire."

Mistress Brewster smiled at her husband.

"You have done very well for us," she said. "See, children, see our fine table, our bench, and the two stools and the cupboard."

The table was merely two boards, fastened together and set on a pair of roughly made trestles. The cupboard had only three rough shelves. The bench was without a back; the two stools were clumsily made.

"Where does the ladder in the corner lead to?" Wrestling asked.

"To the loft, to be sure," Mistress Brewster answered; "and there Priscilla and two or three of the other young maidens will sleep."

"Then are Wrestling and I to sleep in the kitchen?" asked Love.

"Nay, then, come into the bedroom," Elder Brewster said, "and you shall see."

The boys had never seen a bed like that their father showed them. Two sides of it were formed by the logs of the wall, the other two sides by two boards, supported by tree stumps. Across this frame, on top, slender boards were laid, much like modern bed slats.

"When my big feather bed is laid on that, we shall be comfortable," said Mistress Brewster, cheerfully.

In the back of the room was another such bed built into the logs. It was spread with balsam boughs.

"See what a fragrant bed you and Wrestling will have," Elder Brewster said to Love. "We shall cover it with thick quilts, and hang a thick curtain before it."

Wrestling began to smile. He thought he should like to sleep on balsam boughs.

"There are no pegs or hooks for our clothes, father," Love said.

"No, child, those will come later. For the present we must keep our things in the chests."

"Now, lads, you must be sons and daughters both to-day, and help me put the house in order," said Mistress Brewster.

"I hear the men carrying the chests into the kitchen," said Love. "Are we to unpack the dishes?"

"Aye, and make the beds, and do many other duties."

They went back to the kitchen and looked at the three big chests which John Alden and Giles Hopkins had just carried in.

"I shall soon bring in the elder's armchair,"

said John Alden, "and your spinning wheel, Mistress Brewster."

"When you have time, Mistress Brewster," said Giles eagerly, "come and see my stepmother's sewing table. 'T is made from the prettiest stump in New England. I tramped the woods well to find it."

"I shall come," said Mistress Brewster.

The young men went away, and Mistress Brewster and the boys set to work. They carried a big feather bed into the bedroom, and a smaller one upstairs to the loft. They laid the clothes to air on boards outside the house. Love took out the pewter plates and spoons and mugs, and Wrestling polished them with a soft cloth.

"Oh, mother," cried Love, "I have found our beautiful silver sugarpot! Now we shall have two pretty things in our house — father's chair and your sugarpot."

"Mistress Carver has a chair and a sugarpot, and a carved footstool, and some silver porringers," said Wrestling. "I saw them. Mother, I wish we had a great carved settle, and a splendid clock."

"Some day we shall have them," said Mistress Brewster. "But what we need more are cows and sheep and pigs."

Just then Priscilla entered.

"I have been helping Mistress Carver," she said, "though perhaps my place was here with you,

dear Mistress Brewster. Have you needed me?"

"I am glad you helped her; she is not strong," said Mistress Brewster heartily. "Now you may



Love took out the pewter plates and spoons and mugs

help me put up the curtains and get your chest up the ladder."

"Lack-a-day! Look at the floor! How untidy we have made it," cried Priscilla.

"An earthen floor will be a trial to me," said Mistress Brewster. "But at least I shall have it neatly sanded. Go, Love, run to the shore and bring me a pail of sand."

Love took the pail, which had no handle, and hurried off. At the door he met Bart, who had been sent on a similar errand.

"John Alden is going to the woods to find brooms for the women," Bart said, as they ran against the wind. "He told me we could help if we could be spared."

When Love returned with the sand he found that Captain Standish had just left a fine piece of venison. He had killed a deer, and all the pioneers were to share it. Priscilla was cutting some of the meat into pieces, and dropping them into the iron pot swinging over the fire.

"Yes, you may go with John Alden," Mistress Brewster said, when Love asked permission. "Priscilla and I do not need you. But see that you are not late to dinner."

Love ran away and hurried after John Alden, who was already on his way to the woods. His sturdy figure looked very tall.

"I don't think we need be afraid of Indians when we have such strong men as Captain Standish and John Alden to protect us," said Love.

"And such good men as Governor Carver and

your father at home to offer prayers," Bart said. For the Pilgrim child often spoke of his trust in God.

John Alden waited for them.

"Well, lads," he said, "how goes the house-keeping? We unmarried men in the common house are well off. Mistress Billington is going to take care of us, and is cooking a fine dinner."

"My mother has all our house furnishings unpacked," Love said.

"Our best wooden trencher is broken," Bart said. "I am to make a new one."

"Aye," said John; "there will be work for all of us with our clasp-knives. Come; now that we are in the woods we must seek a big hemlock tree."

They soon found a hemlock tree whose branches were thick with foliage. John Alden chopped off some of the thickest. Then he bound a bunch together closely and tied it at the top with hempen twine. The boys tried, but they could not tie the branches tightly enough.

"See," John said; "each is fully two or three feet tall."

"They will be splendid brooms," Bart said. "But what do you do for a handle?"

"You shall make the handle. Find me five straight, strong boughs, not less than three feet

long. Meantime, if you see any good pine knots, pick them up."

The boys searched, but it was some time before they found suitable boughs. They picked up plenty of pine knots, however. By this time their hands were very cold, and they were glad when John said they must finish their work in the common house. They walked slowly under their burdens of hemlock and pine. When they entered the house they found it full of noise and apparent confusion. Men were carrying stores into the loft. Mistress Billington was cooking on the hearth, talking loudly to all who would listen. John Billington and his brother Francis were very busy in a corner.

"I wonder what they are doing?" Bart said.

But he did not go to see, for he wanted to finish the brooms. Putting the handles on was a simple matter. They whittled the end of each of the straight, strong boughs until it had a sharp, firm point. Then John Alden drove the point well into the bound portion of the twigs.

"There, then; five good brooms," he said. "Take yours, Love, and one also for Mistress Carver."

"But what are the pine knots for?" Love asked.

"Ah, I had forgotten them," John said. "But they have nothing to do with the brooms. We

shall use them instead of candles or lamps. The resin in them makes a fine blaze, and a fine odor."

Love and Bart looked with great interest at the pine knots.

"Your father will write many a sermon by that light, Love," John Alden said. "And by this light you and Bart will study your arithmetic and Latin."

Bart did not like to study very much.

"The men are so busy," he said, "and the women, too. We shall not have a school for a long time."

"You had better not be too sure," John said. "Elder Brewster will take you for the Latin, and Priscilla will teach the other studies."

Bart gave a long sigh. Then he said: "I don't see the use of Latin in a new country. If we can't have fine clothes and carved spinnets such as we had in England, why do we need a dead language?"

"Because you must be educated men," John said. "The future of New England depends on the young boys of this colony. Make the most of yourselves, that you may make the most of our country."

Just then John Billington ran up. He had wanted Bart to ask him what he was doing. Now he could not keep his secret any longer.

"I've been making something better than brooms!" he shouted. "Don't you want to see?"



*John Billington had made a spoon of a clam shell
and a split stick*

He danced up and down, holding something behind him. Then he showed them what was in his hands.

He had taken a small clam shell, and put the

flattest end of it between the parts of a split stick, thus making a spoon.

"Now that is a good idea," said John Alden "in case our stock of spoons runs low."

"Come, men; it's dinner time," called Mistress Billington.

"Run home with the brooms, boys," said John Alden. "I hope I have not made you late to dinner."

The boys ran with all their might. They well knew that they would be punished if they were late. Bart reached his house in time, but at Love's they were all seated about the table.

"I beg your pardon, father," said Love.

"You are beginning life in the new colony badly," said Elder Brewster, severely. "Your mother bade you be here on time. Stand, now, and eat, while we are at table. After dinner you shall have full punishment."

Priscilla and Wrestling looked sorry for Love; but they did not speak to him. Elder Brewster and his wife sat together on the bench at one side of the table; Priscilla and Mary Chilton sat on a chest at the end; and Wrestling had a stool on the side opposite his parents. Love stood silently beside Wrestling, with his eyes downcast. Still, he thought, he might be worse off; the last time he had been punished he had had no dinner.

The table was spread with a white linen cloth. The venison stew Priscilla had made was in a big pewter dish in the middle of the table. There was a pewter plate containing bread, and a round pewter dish containing salt, and five pewter drinking mugs. Elder Brewster and his wife ate out of a wooden trencher about twelve inches square. Priscilla and Mary Chilton ate from another, while Love and Wrestling shared the third. Love often wished that he could have a trencher all to himself. He thought that he would ask John Alden to show him how to make them. Then he would make six for the family.

They ate the savory stew with knives and spoons, for no one in Plymouth had a fork. Love held a piece of meat in a napkin in his left hand, and cut it into small pieces with the knife. Sometimes he put the end of his knife with meat on it into his mouth. Sometimes he put the small pieces of meat back in the trencher and ate them with a spoon. He wiped his greasy little fingers on his napkin many times.

After dinner Love stood waiting to know what his further punishment was to be. Elder Brewster thought of sending him to bed, but he was afraid it was too cold in the bedroom. Finally he forbade Love to speak to any one till supper time, or to play any games.

It was hard for Love not to speak to Bart. They went to the forest to get firewood and more pine knots. Bart told Love all about the duck his father had shot and had hung by a string over the fire. Then Remember had twisted the string and the duck had turned round and round, and so slowly cooked.

Love wanted to ask if the gravy had not all run into the fire. He wanted to know if Bart had plucked the duck. It seemed he had never before thought of so many questions to ask. But he kept his lips screwed tight together. He did not even open them when John Billington teased him.

After the boys had collected firewood until they were too cold to stay out any longer, they went home. Mistress Brewster gave Love some knitting to do. After that it was soon supper time, and then Love could speak.

When supper was over, Elder Brewster offered a long prayer. Love knelt by his little stool with his eyes shut. He felt that he ought to be very thankful for shelter and food. It never occurred to him to wish for more comforts; like the older pioneers, he was grateful for bare necessities.

Then Elder Brewster let the boys light two pine knots at the fire. They blazed up finely. The elder left one on the hearth, and put the other on the table.

"Wife, I shall write a sermon to-night," he said.

Love and Wrestling crouched over the hearth at their mother's feet. Their faces were pink with heat, but their backs were cold. They turned around, warming first one side and then the other.

"Just like the duck Remember cooked," said Love.

"Now, this is strange," Elder Brewster said; "here am I a few feet from the fire, and yet the ink freezes on my pen."

"Come to the fire, father," begged Love. "Your face looks cold."

"Aye, the house is not so warm as I could wish," said the elder. "But it must do."

"Some day we may have a stone house, like Scrooby Manor," said Love.

"Perhaps, perhaps. But go to bed, children. You must be up betimes in the morning."

Love and Wrestling bade their parents good night, and went to their bed of balsam. And so ended their first day of housekeeping in New England.

CHAPTER IX

THE BITTER WINTER

THE hearts of the pioneers were very sad during that first winter. They tried to be thankful for their blessings. But their food was poor and scanty; they had no milk, and little butter. They had not good means for fishing. The wind blew into their houses and made them cold. There was much sickness, and many deaths. Sometimes as many as two and three people died in one day.

Even the children felt the sadness, and they tried to be as helpful as they could. John Alden and Priscilla showed them cheerful faces, for they did not want them to understand how badly off the colony was. Priscilla made the best of all that happened.

One day, when they were all rather short of meat, the wild geese came. Priscilla was on the sands playing hop-scotch with the children. They had marked off the squares with a sharp stick and had chosen a big purple pebble to kick. Mary Allerton was the best at the game. She was just reaching "home," and beating every one else, when John Billington shouted and made

her stumble. He was pointing up in the sky.

"Look!" he cried. "What can that be flying there?"

It looked like a black V in the sky, coming nearer and nearer. Soon the V became looser, and they saw that it was made of fowl of some sort.

"Let us run to John Alden," said Love. "This may mean food."

John Alden and Captain Jones were coming down to the beach. The captain had a fowling piece.

"Wild geese," said John to the children. "Now we'll have fresh meat, and some goose oil to rub on your throats at night when you get cold."

The birds looked so beautiful, circling above them against the blue sky, that Love hated to see them shot. But he knew the Pilgrims had to have food. Captain Jones fired, and the geese set up a wild "honk, honk." They flew away in a scattered group, and five dropped swiftly downward. Three of these fell into the water.

John Alden waded in after them without stopping to take off his shoes and stockings.

"Five geese!" cried Love and Bart.

"And enough feathers to make a fresh pillow for Mistress Carver's armchair," said John Alden.

Captain Jones said that the geese must be used

for the sick people. The children helped to pluck them. To them the coming of the geese was very exciting, and it took their minds from some of the sad events which had happened.

A day or two later, something else occurred. John Alden called them together, and told them to get half a dozen pails and some spades.

"None of you boys are big enough to shoot geese," he said. "You'll be fourteen or fifteen before you can be trusted with guns. But you can get us food in other ways. So come with me."

"Oh, I know," said John Billington; "we are going clam digging."

He felt a particular interest in clams since he had made the clam shell spoons. Soon John and the children set off down the beach, a sober little procession. But if their clothes were dark, their eyes were bright, and their cheeks red.

The tide was very low. John led them out a long way on the sands. Then he let Bart and Love dig, while the other children watched. The two boys dug slowly, for the sand was heavy with water. At first they could see no sign of clams.

"I don't believe there are any clams here," said John Billington.

"Yes; look here!" John Alden said, as he held up a muddy looking object on his spade. Then he dropped it into a pail.

"That!" cried Remember Allerton; "that dirty thing! It looks like muddy leather."

"Did you expect the clam shells to be clean and white?" asked John Alden. "You will have to



"Hi, hi! I have one," cried John Billington, who had begun to dig

wash them and rub them well before they will be pretty to look at."

"Hi, hi! I have one," cried John Billington, who had begun to dig. The children ran about

him eagerly. Then John Alden said he would show them how to find clams. Pointing to a spot in the wet sand, he threw a stone at it hard. Instantly a little stream of water spouted up. "That is a clam, Bart," said John. Bart quickly dug where the stone had fallen and, sure enough, there he found a clam.

Before the six pails were filled, they had all had a turn.

"The girls must know how to dig as well as the boys," John Alden said. "They will have to help dig gardens, next summer."

When the pails were almost full John Alden said, "These are heavy. We shall need sticks to carry them, two and two."

The pails were made of wood, or iron, without handles. On each side of each pail was a little ear, with a hole in it. Through these ears a stick could be thrust, to serve as a handle.

Wrestling and Remember went off to get slender sticks. By the time they returned to the clam bed the pails were full.

They all reached Leiden Street just about the time the women were thinking of getting dinner. Bart made his share of the clams into a thick stew. Priscilla roasted the clams for the Brewster family and served them with a dressing of pepper and salt and butter. Mistress Brewster shook her

head when she saw Priscilla using the butter.

"We have so little of that, my child," she said.

"But, dear Mistress Brewster," Priscilla said, "I want a little treat for the boys. After to-day they may eat their clams without butter."

"You are kind to all the children, Priscilla," Mistress Brewster said.

"It is hard for them in this new country," Priscilla returned. "I like to keep their minds on pleasant things."

It was Priscilla who gave the children still another bit of excitement. Mistress Hopkins had come in to see Mistress Brewster, and was lamenting that they were not able to preserve any fruits or nuts in the new country.

"To be sure, we came too late in the year," said Mistress Hopkins. "Yet home hardly seems like home without a day for pickling."

"In Scrooby Manor," said Mistress Brewster, "we did much preserving. I have pickled many a jar of samphire and purple cabbage, and nasturtium buds, and barberries."

"But," cried Priscilla, who loved to do housework of all sorts. "Why can we not pickle some fish?"

"Nay, our men have such bad luck with fishing," answered Mistress Brewster. "They catch hardly enough fish for us to eat."

It was true. Though John Alden and others of

the men had gone out in the shallop and fished patiently, they caught hardly anything. This was not strange, for they were not used to their work. Besides, they were poorly supplied with fishing tackle. They had no cod hooks and no herring nets, and very few lines.

Yet the seas and rivers of this new world were teeming with fish. This fish was destined to bring more wealth to the future colonists than furs, or crops, or any other produce, but for this first year the pioneers had little success at fishing. More than once John Alden had seen the codfish leap into the air almost within reach of his hands, yet he was unable to get them on his lines.

"But if we cannot preserve fish, there must be something else to preserve," Priscilla said.

At that moment John Alden came in to tell them that Miles Standish and Mr. Allerton had killed five deer.

Priscilla clapped her hands.

"Ah, now, now," she said, "we can get out our powdering tub and powder the deer."

To "powder" meant to salt and pickle.

"That is a good thought," said John Alden; "for there is no telling when we shall see deer again."

So after the deer were skinned and made ready, the women and children and John Alden went to the common house, and did the first

pickling. It was very simple work. Water was put in tubs and salt added until a thick brine was made. Then the meat was cut up, put inside, and covered with wooden covers.

Mistress Brewster hung two strips of venison high up in the chimney to see if they could be smoked, but they burned.

John Alden looked on and gave advice, at which the women and even the little girls smiled. Damaris and Ellen and Mary were delighted, however, when he suggested preserving the walnuts he had found one day in the woods.

"Pickle some, and candy some," he said. "Surely we can spare that much sugar, especially as there are maple trees hereabout, and we can get sap in the spring."

Sometimes Mistress Brewster and Priscilla tried to teach the children, but not regularly; there was so much work for which their hands were needed. Besides, there was so much illness and death. In February alone, seventeen of the settlers died. In December and January fourteen persons had died. Bart Allerton's mother had died, and Priscilla Molines' father, and Rose Standish, the wife of Captain Miles Standish, and the little baby, Oceanus Hopkins.

They were all buried in the graveyard on the top of Cole's Hill. The graves were concealed,

for the pioneers did not want the Indians to suspect how many people they had lost. More than once the Indians had come very near to the settlement. The pioneers thought they were growing very bold. With all their enemies—the Indians, cold, insufficient food, sickness, and death



*Sometimes Priscilla tried to teach
the children*

— these first Americans needed all their courage.

At one time there were only seven well persons in the whole settlement. Elder Brewster and John Alden were two of these. How hard they

worked, making broth for the sick, washing them, and comforting them! It was a sad time for every one. Long afterwards, when Love Brewster was a grown man, living in a warm house and with plenty of food and medicine, he could not look back to that first year without pain.

Elder Brewster did not spare himself, or Love, who was well enough to help. His father did not let Love watch by the sick, but he sent him out constantly to see what was wanted at the different houses. Love worked with all his might. He helped sad-eyed Priscilla cook food for the sufferers; he carried spadefuls of fire to hearths where the fire had gone out. He dug clams all alone, for Bart was very sick. Love's little arms ached, with the numberless pails of water he carried. He never complained, and he was always brave, but it seemed to him that the winter would never end.

One day in March, when the sick were getting better and the sun was shining, his mother told him to go out to play. He went to the woods, and there, under the very first tree he looked at, was a tiny patch of green. The weight seemed to fall from his little heart. He ran back to Mistress Brewster and to Priscilla.

"Oh, mother, the spring is come!" he said. "And father said if the spring came soon, our colony would be saved!"

CHAPTER X

FRIENDLY VISITORS

IT WAS the sixteenth of March. Love and Bart had gone out to see if it was warm enough to take off their shoes and stockings

"I fear not," Bart said. "And yet I scarcely dare walk in my shoes. I think every minute that they will fall to pieces."

"John Alden says that when autumn comes, and the harvest is gathered, he will make us shoes," Love said. "He will do it, since he has promised to, and yet he is no shoemaker."

"Nor was he a house builder," Bart said; "and yet he has helped make houses."

"I suppose he will make the shoes of deerskin," Love said. "We have many dried deerskins."

"Perhaps he will make us moccasins, such as the Indians wear," Bart replied.

Just at that moment they both looked up Leiden Street, and there was an Indian striding down the hill. He was very tall, and he carried a bow about as tall as himself. Twisted in his hair were eagle feathers, and round his waist was a deep girdle of buckskin.

Love and Bart stared at him a moment, and

then they ran to the common house. They burst open the door, interrupting an informal council of their elders. "Oh, father! Oh, Governor Carver!" cried Love. "An Indian! An Indian!"



"I think every minute that they will fall to pieces"

"Child! this is no way to enter," said Elder Brewster, sternly.

Governor Carver strode to the door, and opened it. The Indian was coming down past the other houses, straight to the common house.

"It is indeed an Indian," the governor said.

"We must not let him in this house, to see how few we are in number. If the Indians knew our weakness, they would attack us."

"He may come into my house," Mr. Hopkins said. "I have more room than any one else."

"Let us greet this man in all kindness," the governor said. "Even if he does not understand English, he will understand gestures of peace."

The body of men went down the street toward the Indian. To their great surprise he addressed them in English.

"Welcome; welcome to the white men," he said.

The pioneers were very glad to hear these kindly words from the Indian. They did not at once ask him into the house of Mr. Hopkins. One by one the other Pilgrims came out of their houses, and joined the group about the Indian. Love and Bart stood as near him as they dared. They felt as if they had discovered him, and they were not at all afraid of him.

"What is your name?" the governor asked.

"Samoset."

Love and Bart and all the children thought that Samoset was a pretty name.

"Do you live near here?" was the governor's next question.

Samoset made gestures to show that he lived very far away.

"I go in my canoe for one day," he said, "and then for five days on the land."

Priscilla whispered to John Alden that she wished all the Indians were as far away as that.

"I am cold," Samoset said, shivering a little.

John Alden took off his coat, and put it around the Indian. Samoset did not thank him, but he looked pleased. Then the governor said: "Let our Indian brother come into one of our houses."

Governor Carver led the way to the house of Mr. Hopkins. At this Love and Bart looked disappointed. They knew that the house would not hold very many people, and that they would not be allowed to enter.

"Come here, Love," called Elder Brewster, as the little group of people followed the governor and Samoset.

"Yes, father?" Love said, hastening to Elder Brewster.

"Go you to the common house, and get something for this Indian to eat."

"Yes, father," Love replied. "May not Bart come with me? The Indian looks as if he would eat more than one boy could carry."

"Go, then, Bart," said the elder.

Bart and Love hastened away, and the other children watched them enviously. All the men went into Mr. Hopkins' house, but the women,

except Mistress Hopkins, returned to the other houses, content to hear at second hand what the Indian had to say. Even Damaris did not go inside; her mother sent her to stay with Mary Allerton.

Governor Carver sat on a bench in the Hopkins' kitchen, and Samoset sat beside him. Samoset did not always understand what was said to him, but he did his best to talk.

"You are the only Indian who has visited us," said Governor Carver. "Why is that? Are they afraid?"

"No, we are not afraid," Samoset answered. "But the Indians who used to live here are all gone."

"Do you mean they have gone westward?" asked the governor.

Samoset was about to answer, but just then Love and Bart entered, each bearing a pewter plate of cold duck, biscuit, cheese, butter, and pudding. The boys slipped into a corner and stood as still as mice, fearing they should be sent away. But they were not.

Samoset took the food and silently ate it. The pioneers were eager to have him go on talking, but he did not speak until he had finished the last crumb. Then he said: "I do not speak much English. But I will try to tell you. The Indians

here were very many, like the sands on the beach. Then came a great sickness. It swept them away, as the water sweeps the sands."

"And so they died?" said the governor, gravely.

"All but a few, and those went away. They left these good lands because they were afraid."

The pioneers looked at each other. Samoset's



Love and Bart entered, each bearing a pewter plate

news meant a great deal to them. It meant that there was no one to dispute their possession of the land they had taken. It meant that they could sow their crops in peace.

"When we first came," Governor Carver said, "some Indians shot arrows at us, and might have killed us. I trust they did not belong to your tribe."

"Those were the Nausites," Samoset replied. "They are angry with all the Englishmen because of a wrong a wicked man named Captain Hunt did them. He stole some of their men and sold them for slaves. The chief of my tribe is called Massasoit. He wants to be friends with you. He has sixty men. The Nausites have a hundred men."

Here was both good news and bad news. The Pilgrim fathers talked all afternoon with Samoset. They would have been glad to have him go at night, but he wanted to stay. They thought they would lodge him on the *Mayflower*. He was willing, and he and some of the men set out in the shallop. But the wind was high, and the tide low, and they could not get to the ship. So Samoset was lodged in the house of Mr. Hopkins, and two men watched all night to see that he did no harm.

The next morning, Saturday, the seventeenth of March, the pioneers sent Samoset away. They gave him as presents a knife, a bracelet, and a ring. He promised to come soon again, bringing with him some of Massasoit's men, and such beaver skins as they had to trade.

The children were very much excited after Samoset had gone.

"Did you see how swiftly he walked?" Love

asked Bart, as they watched the Indian disappearing into the woods.

"Yes," replied Bart, "and while he was here he looked at everything. His eyes glanced like a bird's."

"He is friendly, at any rate," was what all the elders said.

The very next day Samoset returned with five other Indians. They wore leggings and deer-skin clothes, and the chief had a wildcat's skin on one arm. Their hair hung long and was dressed with feathers, or else with fox tails. Their faces were painted in various colors. They left their bows and arrows a quarter of a mile from the settlement, to show that they were friendly.

The children were very much interested in the Indians, especially when they sang and danced. The Indians brought some corn, pounded to powder, which they ate, mixed with water. The pioneers gave them food, of which they ate freely. Some of them smoked tobacco, and this interested the children, who had never seen pipes in use before.

The visitors brought furs with them, but as it was Sunday the Pilgrim fathers would not trade. The Indians went away, all except Samoset, who said he was sick. They said they would come back in a day or two. On Wednesday

the Pilgrim fathers sent Samoset after the other Indians.

Love and Bart now expected Indians at any moment. On Thursday they saw Samoset coming down the hill with four Indians, all walking in single file. The one just behind Samoset was very tall and graceful. He wore deerskin clothes, long feathers in his hair, and a necklace of bears' claws about his neck. Samoset said his name was Squanto. All the children liked him at once, though they did not realize then what a good friend he would be.

The Indians carried some skins and dried herrings. They stood in Leiden Street, trying to talk by signs and by such English words as they knew. Squanto could say more than any one else.

"My friend," Governor Carver said, "how come you to speak such good English?"

A shadow crossed Squanto's face. Then he began to tell the story of the heartless Captain Hunt.

"There was a wicked man," he said, "who came here once. He took twenty-four of our tribe, and put us in a big ship. The big water tossed us many moons. When we stopped at England, I jumped into the water and swam away."

"And the others?"

"I do not know," said Squanto. "The people in England said the wicked man had sold my brothers in Spain. I do not know."

"And you stayed in England, and learned the language?"

"Yes. Then I came back on a big ship and landed to the southward. I traveled many days north before I found my tribe."

"You were badly treated," said the governor. "The wicked man should be punished."

"My tribe had been good to him, and they were very angry. For some years they killed all the Englishmen they could find."

The governor shook his head. "That was wrong," he said.

"But they will not kill you," Samoset said. "The Indians will be good to you. We have brought back some tools that your men left in the woods."

A month before, Captain Miles Standish and another man had been cutting trees and had left their tools all night in the woods. In the morning they had disappeared. The pioneers were glad to have them back.

Squanto and the other Indians said a good many words and made a good many gestures which the pioneers could not understand. They were all still standing in Leiden Street, and Squanto kept

pointing to Watson's Hill. Suddenly Damaris Hopkins uttered a little cry, and ran to her mother.

"Look!" she cried. "Oh, look! Hundreds of Indians!"

CHAPTER XI

THE MEETING WITH MASSASOIT

ON THE top of Watson's Hill was standing a large band of Indians. To little Damaris Hopkins they might indeed have seemed like hundreds. They stood on the hill, looking very tall, all holding their bows and arrows. The sun glistened on their necklaces, and the red and black paint on their faces was very plainly seen.

"What does this mean?" asked Captain Miles Standish of Samoset.

"I have been trying to tell you," Squanto said, slowly. "It is my great chief, Massasoit, and his brother, Quadequina, and all their men."

"They are welcome," said Governor Carver.

"Will you not come to them?" asked Squanto.

"Nay; tell them to come to us," replied the governor.

Squanto and Samoset and the other three Indians went quickly to Watson's Hill. The pioneers could see them talking.

"I wonder what they are saying?" Love whispered to Bart.

"They are saying that they don't want to come," Bart said.

Squanto came back alone, walking rather slowly.

"My chief Massasoit," he said, "would speak to his white brothers."

"We will listen gladly," the governor replied.

Squanto hesitated. He spoke in a roundabout way for several minutes. At last he said: "Let my white brothers send a friend with me to greet Massasoit. Let him stay among our men on the hill while Massasoit is here, as I have stayed with you."

"Humph!" said Captain Standish, in a low tone. "Massasoit is afraid to trust us. He wants a hostage."

"It is perhaps but fair," replied the governor. "We shall send one. Who shall it be, Elder Brewster?"

"Let us send Edward Winslow," said the elder. "Though he can speak no word of the savage tongue, he has such gentle manners that even a savage could understand them."

Edward Winslow said he would go.

"But shall I not take presents to the chief?" he said. "He will understand that kind of greeting."

"True," said the governor. "Let us send a little food. Our biscuit is good, and we should send some, for that is new food to the Indians."

"Aye, and some of our butter," said Elder Brewster.

"In faith," murmured Giles Hopkins, "we shall not miss it, for it is getting bad."

"Nay," said the governor, gravely; "we are not giving away the food because it is bad. We have been thankful for our butter, however rancid, this winter. Look, now, in the stores, Giles Hopkins; see what we can use as gifts for the Indians."

Giles went into the loft of the common house. Soon he came back with a heavy copper chain and two clasp-knives, which the governor told Edward Winslow to give to Massasoit; and a knife and an ear-jewel for Quadequina.

"All that will do excellently," said the governor.

Winslow put on his armor and sword, took the articles, and set off with Squanto. After they were gone the governor said:

"These savages like display. Then let us receive them according to their wishes. Love, go and ask your mother for the green cloth that is in her bedroom. We shall meet in one of the houses that is being built, and spread it on a bench."

"There are some gay-covered cushions in my chest," said Bart Allerton's father. "I have never used them, for they are too worldly. Go, Bart, and bring them."

While Love and Bart went for the things,

Captain Standish turned to the governor and said:

"Since we are using so much ceremony, why not have a trumpet blown, and a drum sounded?"



Giles came back with a heavy copper chain, two clasp-knives, and an ear-jewel

Let me go to the brook to meet Massasoit. I will wear my armor and sword. Giles can blow a trumpet, and some one else can beat the drum."

"Let young John Billington beat the drum," said Elder Brewster. "He can do well at that. The other men can stand about the door, and within the house, and make a good appearance."

This was agreed to, and all was made ready for the reception of Massasoit, and food and drink were hastily prepared.

Meanwhile, Edward Winslow, walking beside Squanto, crossed the brook and ascended the hill. There Massasoit stood in front of his sixty men. He was a very tall, broad Indian, dressed in buckskin leggings and a girdle, deeply fringed. Around his neck was a chain of wolf fangs. A great headdress of eagle feathers adorned his head, and extended down his back nearly to the ground. His face was grave and dignified. Edward Winslow thought it was spoiled by a bar of red paint across the cheeks, but Massasoit considered that this paint added to his dignity.

The chief made no sign till Winslow had set the presents on the ground. Then Winslow bowed and said to Squanto:

"Tell your great chief that I ask him to accept these gifts as a sign that his white brothers wish to live in peace and friendship with him."

Squanto translated these words to Massasoit. The chief looked at the presents for a moment. Then he said to Squanto with great dignity:

"Tell my white brothers they are welcome."

"Will not the chief Massasoit visit our white chief?" asked Edward Winslow. "I will stay



There Massasoit stood

here with my brothers till Massasoit returns."

Massasoit agreed. Then he and twenty of the Indians, accompanied by Squanto, departed for the settlement. Winslow, left without an

interpreter, wondered how he should get along. The Indians brought him a pile of deerskins on which to sit, and a lump of dried fish, and some corn cake. Edward Winslow accepted both, though he did not like the look of the fish. He ate it, however, and tried to talk by signs to the Indians.

When Massasoit and his men reached the brook, there stood Captain Standish waiting for them. The captain took off his steel cap. Giles Hopkins and Mr. Allerton each blew a blast on a trumpet, and young John Billington beat as hard as he could on the drum.

Massasoit and his Indians were pleased, but they did not show what they felt. They stalked along gravely, preceded by Captain Standish and his band.

At the door of the largest unfinished house stood the governor. He took Massasoit by the hand, and led him to the bench, decked out with the green cloth and the gay cushions. The governor kissed Massasoit's hand, and Massasoit kissed him. Then they sat down. The other Indians and white men remained standing.

Squanto interpreted the governor's words of greeting, and Massasoit made suitable reply. Then food was brought to the Indians, which they ate willingly.

After the Indians had eaten, the governor made

a long speech, which Squanto interpreted. The governor said that he wanted peace, and would like to make a treaty with the Indians.

Massasoit was silent for a time.

"Will the white men treat me like brothers of my own tribe?" he asked at last.

The governor promised that they would.

"And will the white men keep our treaty?"

The governor said that they would keep the treaty faithfully.

"It is good," said Massasoit. "We will make the treaty, and I and my sons, and my sons' sons, will see that it is not broken."

They talked over the terms of the treaty, which were fair to both sides. They were not to make war on each other, but were to help each other always. They were to trade together, and trade honestly. When they visited each other, they were to leave their weapons behind.

After the terms of the treaty were decided upon, Massasoit took a pipe from his girdle, and, going to the hearth, lighted it. Then he smoked it for a little time, and passed it to the governor, who smoked for a moment, and then passed it to Captain Standish. So the pipe went the rounds of both white men and Indians, for this was the Indian way of showing that peace was established.

The children had stood as quiet as mice in

the corners. But they were looking at everything that went on.

"Do you see how tall and straight and still they stand?" whispered Love. "They have not moved once, except to take the pipe."

"And they don't smile or speak," said Bart. "They just look and look."

But after a time the Indians began to touch as well as to look. They were much interested in the armor of the men. They fingered it, and would have been glad to exchange skins for it. Some of the Indians tried to sound the trumpet, and Bart and Love had all they could do to keep from laughing at the strange sounds.

Then Massasoit prepared to go away. The pioneers kept back seven or eight Indians as hostages for the safe return of Edward Winslow. At the brook Massasoit and the governor embraced, and the Indians went up the hill. All the pioneers, big and little, and the Indian hostages, watched the departure.

"I like Squanto," Love said to Bart. "I wish he would come back again."

"We have had enough of Indians for one day," Bart replied. "They number so many more than our men."

"But they have not so much courage as our men," Love said. "Did you not notice how

Massasoit trembled as he sat on the green cloth beside our governor?"

"I thought he was cold," Bart said.

"No; he was afraid," replied Love, "and so were the other Indians, except Squanto. That is one reason why I like Squanto."

"Look! Look up on the hill!" cried Bart. "The Indians are coming back!"

"No," said sharp-eyed Love; "these are not the same Indians. That tall young man at their head must be Quadequina."

It was Quadequina, and he approached courageously with his men. When he had crossed the brook he paused, and made signs which showed that he was afraid of the muskets. So the white men carried away the muskets. Then they led the Indians to the house where Massasoit had been entertained, and gave them food.

"I wish the Indians would not stay so long," Bart said. "It hinders our men in their work."

After some time Quadequina and his men left, but the Indian hostages stayed behind. The white men stood by the brook, waiting. Soon a man came walking alone down the hill.

"It is Edward Winslow," Love said.

The pioneers were glad to see Winslow come. They trusted Massasoit, but still they felt safer to have their hostage back.

"The Indians were very kind to me," Winslow said, when he had crossed the brook. "They are coming in a few days to help us plant corn. They are going to live near us all summer. We have found friends in the New World."

The pioneers dismissed the Indian hostages. Two of these men wanted to stay all night, but the governor would not allow it. Squanto and Samoset, however, did stay, sleeping in the unfinished house. Massasoit and his men camped in the woods about half a mile away. Some of the pioneers sat up all night to watch, but the Indians did not attempt to harm the settlement.

In the gray of the morning Captain Standish reported to Elder Brewster that all was well. Love, sitting up on his bed of balsam boughs, heard his words. He also heard his father's reply:

"God has been good to us. The Indians are prepared to live in peace and friendliness with us. Now, indeed, I know that our colony will survive."

CHAPTER XII

SQUANTO AS TEACHER

THE next morning the children woke up, quite used to the idea that the Indians were to be neighbors and friends. They went about their various tasks. Bart and Love and Wrestling and John Billington went to the wood to get some chips and branches. While they were gathering them, Love spoke to Bart.

"Look," he whispered; "look through the trees to your left."

Bart looked up. A few rods away, standing as still as the trees themselves, were half a dozen Indian women and boys. Love made signs of peace to them, and advanced toward them, but they were shy, and ran away.

The boys finished their tasks just about the time the little girls were done with sweeping and polishing dishes. Then they all began to play. The younger ones, like little Resolved White and Remember Allerton, made mud pies, at the lower end of the brook. Resolved also dammed up a little rivulet and set sailing a boat which Giles Hopkins had made for him.

Mary Allerton and Ellen More, who liked

housekeeping, made a little oven of stones and were ready to cook a clam. John Billington was spinning a top, while Love and Bart were trying to start a game of prisoner's base.

"John Billington," said Love, "leave spinning your top, and play prisoner's base."



Mary Allerton and Ellen More made a little oven

John shook his head in vigorous refusal.

"Then let us get the girls and play 'London Bridge Is Falling Down,'" Bart suggested.

"No, no, I have just made my top spin well," John said.

"Then let us play that game of Indian football

which Squanto told us about," Love said; "we can take off our shoes and stockings and play it on the sand."

Just then Mary and Ellen jumped up and ran to Bart and Love.

"Squanto is coming," they said.

Squanto came walking up from the common house. The men had not let him go inside, and he was very curious. Love thought he was dissatisfied.

"Come, Squanto," he said, taking the Indian's hand, "I will show you what my father's house is like."

He led Squanto into Elder Brewster's house, all the children following. Love got down a pewter plate from the kitchen cupboard.

"Look at this beautiful plate, Squanto," he said. "You can almost see your face in it."

Squanto gazed with great respect at the blurred reproduction of his face.

"It is very pretty, is n't it, Squanto?" Mary Allerton asked in a trembling voice.

Squanto nodded.

"Now, look at my father's carved armchair," Love said.

Squanto passed his hand respectfully over the wooden back.

"It is good," he said.

"I want Squanto to see my brother Peregrine," Resolved White said.

So they showed Squanto little Peregrine in his heavy wooden cradle. Squanto shook his head.

"Our Indians make better cradles than that," he said.

John Alden, who had joined the group, asked, "Will you show us how to make cradles, Squanto?"

"I will show my white brothers how to make cradles," Squanto said; "and I will show them how to make canoes. You have only two boats, a little one and a big one. Two are not enough for so many men."

"That is a good thought," John Alden said. "You will be a useful friend."

The other men had gone about the work which the coming of Massasoit had interrupted. John Alden went to cut wood, leaving Squanto with the children. Toward noon, when he came back, he found Squanto saying something which particularly interested Love and Bart.

"John Alden!" Bart shouted. "Come and hear what Squanto is saying about fishing."

Squanto waited until John Alden came close to him.

"My white brothers have no fish," he said. "They eat only clams and the flesh of deer."

"In truth, if you will show us how to take fish, we

shall be most grateful, Squanto," said John Alden.

"I will show you how to take eels," said Squanto. "I have caught them many times in that brook by the white chief's house."

He pointed to the brook that flowed past the hill.



Squanto gravely stepped into the brook, and began to tread up and down in the mud

"I will go there now and take eels for you," said Squanto.

He walked beside John Alden to the brook. The children followed eagerly. They had never seen eels, though they had heard of them.

Squanto gravely stepped into the brook, and began to tread up and down in the mud. In a

few moments black bubbles showed about his feet. Suddenly he stooped quickly, caught something in his hands, and threw it on the bank.

It was a long eel, that whirled and wriggled and looped wildly. Mary Allerton cried out, because it looked so much like a snake.

Squanto went on treading the mud, and soon he caught more eels.

"It is very easy," he said. "To-morrow I will go for my canoe and spear, and then I will show you how to spear fish."

That day Massasoit and his Indians went away. Squanto left with them, and the children felt very sorry, for they were afraid he might not come back very soon. A day or two later, however, while they were playing at hare and hounds on the beach, they saw him. He was paddling in his canoe a few yards from shore. The children welcomed him with a shout, and he seemed glad to see them. Besides his great bow and quiver of arrows he carried a spear and a string of dried gourds of various sizes.

"My people use these for dishes," he said; "but they are not so pretty as pewter."

The children took Squanto to Elder Brewster's house, and he showed Mistress Brewster and Priscilla how to cut the gourds in two and make bowls and saucers of them.

"Now we shall have plenty of dishes," said Damaris Hopkins joyfully.

She was going to throw away the seeds which dropped from the gourds. But Squanto took them away from her.

"These can be planted and make many more," he said.

Damaris blushed for shame. The pioneers were so used to being economical that she felt disgraced to have shown herself wasteful.

The next day Squanto went fishing with John Alden and Giles Hopkins, while the other men worked in the fields. Squanto showed the two how to cast lines and how to manage the net. Under his teaching it was not long before they had a boatful of fish. When they rowed ashore the other men crowded around the boat.

"Fine fish for every one!" said John.

"But why save the little ones?" asked Captain Standish. "They will have to be thrown back in the water, or used for bait."

"My brother is wrong," said Squanto. "You will need these little fish when you plant corn."

"Plant corn!" repeated Captain Standish. "What have the fish of the sea to do with the corn of the earth?"

"My brothers wish the corn to grow?" asked Squanto.

"Aye, that we do," said John Alden. "It is all that will lie between us and starvation this winter."

The children looked serious. They knew their stock of flour was getting very low. They knew that if the corn crop failed they might all die.

"I saw my brothers breaking the earth," said Squanto.

"And hard work it is," said Miles Standish. "I had rather wield my good sword than a hoe."

"My brothers are using the field that the dead Indians used once. It is nearly dead, too."

"He means that the soil is worn out," said Bart's father, who had been a farmer in England. "He is right, too."

"If my brothers wish the corn to grow, they must plant a little dead fish with each kernel," said Squanto quietly.

"Nonsense!" cried young Giles Hopkins. "Who ever heard of planting fish?"

But Mr. Allerton stopped him.

"Nay, lad, let the wiser heads talk," he said. "This Indian planted corn before you were born."

"Then you think it a good plan?" asked John Alden doubtfully.

"You are no farmer, John Alden," said Mr. Allerton. "The ground does need fertilizing, and I think dead fish will be as good as any other manure."

Later, Squanto helped the men set the crops. They planted twenty acres.

Love and Bart and the little girls helped make a garden around each house. Mr. Allerton held what he called a little school of farming. He taught the children how to hold the hoe, and how to break clods and make the soil fine and smooth and level. Then he showed them how to trace little furrows with a hoe, and how to drop in garden seed without wasting any. He gave each child a row of corn for his own. There was no thought of prizes or rewards of any sort. The one idea of every one was to work as hard as he could to help save the colony. And side by side with them worked their new friend Squanto.

CHAPTER XIII

A STORE OF SWEETS

JOHN ALDEN and Squanto walked out of the common house, Squanto carrying what looked like two short logs, while John had his broad-ax. The children were on the watch for them.

"Now, tell us, John," said Love, "tell us where you are going to take us."

"First of all, answer me some questions," John said. "How long since any of you have had sugar?"

"A week, as you know, John Alden," Priscilla called from the Brewster doorway. "All our sugar is gone, and, alas, our meal and flour, too, are low."

"When the corn grows, meal will be plentiful," John said. "But tell me, who would like to eat sugar?"

"I! I!" cried all the children.

"Then come with me," said John. "That is, if the women will allow it; girls and boys both."

It was a mild day, so the mothers were willing to let the children go. They were never afraid to trust John Alden. They came to the doors and watched him as he stood with the children clustered around him.

"What fresh mystery are you making, John?" asked Mistress Brewster. "You and the children have very many secrets."

"Nay, this is a pleasant surprise for you," said John. "But where is Giles Hopkins? Ah, here he comes now."

Giles came out of the common house, carrying an ax and two great iron kettles. John took one of these from him. Then he said: "Now, we need three wooden pails. Love and Bart and John Billington, find me one each."

While the boys were getting the pails Squanto set his logs on the ground. The children saw that they were about three feet long, made of butternut wood and hollowed in the shape of a trough.

"It cannot be for fishing," said Remember, in a puzzled tone.

"No," John said; "we are all going to the woods. It is a good two miles, Squanto says. But we are all able to walk that far."

The children set off, Squanto and John leading, and Giles coming last. When they entered the woods John Alden pointed to the dark stumps.

"See how many of these there are, and a year ago there were none."

"And in another year all the land about here may be cleared," said Giles Hopkins. "Perhaps it may be planted."

"Oh, look!" cried Bart. "There is a bank of dirty snow that the sun has not touched."

"Aye; we'll find more of it before we leave," John said.

"Maybe we'll find snakes," said John Billington to Mary, who was afraid of snakes.

"No," said John Alden. "It is too early for snakes. Think of something pleasant to talk about, Johnny."

"Indians?" asked John Billington.

"All friends," said Squanto.

The children were so used to Squanto's kindness that they had lost all fear of Indians.

"Let us talk about the sugar," Damaris Hopkins said. "John Alden, have you hidden a chest of it in the woods?"

They all laughed at the question.

"No," John said. "But there are barrels and barrels of it. Nay, I shall answer no more questions."

After they had walked some distance Squanto said, "Here is the place."

The children looked about them. They were in a grove of tall trees, growing fairly well apart, and with little underbrush.

"These are good trees," said Squanto.

He pointed to two small, low-spreading, but strong trees, perhaps five feet apart.

"Just what we need," said John Alden. He and Giles began to trim off the branches. The children watched, and presently they saw that the trees had been made into two forked sticks. Then Squanto came with a heavy green stick, almost four inches in diameter. He placed this from fork to fork.

John laughed at their amazement.

"Now follow Squanto, and watch him," he said. "This grove is nearly all maple trees, and Squanto will get the sap from them to make us maple sugar."

None of the children had ever eaten maple sugar. They felt that sugar coming from trees must be queer. But they had eaten so much new food in America that they were ready for anything. Besides, if John Alden said it was sugar, it must be sugar.

Squanto took a broadax and cut two great gashes across the side of a tree, in the shape of a V, and scooped it out a little, so that the sap would run freely. He set one of the troughs at the foot of the tree.

"Now go and get me some wood, children," John Alden said. "Lay it by the forked sticks."

The children obeyed. When they had got a pile of wood John told them to look at the two gashes. They were delighted to see thick drops

of sap beginning to come out of the tree into the trough.

But John Alden shook his head.

"Squanto," he said. "Do not these maple trees sometimes die of these great gashes?"

"Sometimes," replied Squanto. "But I know of no other way to get sap."

"Nevertheless, I think I see another way," John said. "Cut but one more tree, Squanto."

While Squanto cut the other tree, John found a good piece of basswood. He made of it, with his clasp-knife, a rough, semi-circular spout. Before he had it finished, Squanto and the children were all watching him. Then, going to a maple tree, he cut a hole half an inch round and one and a half inches deep, at about four feet from the ground. Into this notch he set the spout of basswood. Soon the children were delighted to see the sap come.

"Quick, Love, put a pail under," cried John. "We must waste nothing."

"John is getting more sap than Squanto," whispered Bart. "And it won't kill the tree, will it, John?"

"Now that we have the sap running, let us go back to our forked sticks," said John. "We must make a fire with which to boil the sap."

So they went back to the forked sticks.

Giles," said John. "Did you bring your tinder box? I have n't one."

"I did better than that," said Giles. "I brought some fire in the bottom of one of these kettles. Did you not see how tenderly I carried it?"

"It was a good thought, so you have not injured the kettle," said John. "Now, boys, some dry sticks."

Their willing hands gathered the sticks. Giles turned the pot upside down, and soon there was a brisk fire.

"Be sure that the kettle Giles brought the fire in is clean," John said.

Love and Bart got some dry oak leaves, snow and moss, and polished the inside of the kettle.

"Well done," said John. "Now, Giles, lift up one end of the cross stick, while Squanto puts on the kettles."

Soon the two kettles were swinging over the fire.

"The next thing," John Alden said, "is to pour in the sap. But none will be ready for some time. We must gather sticks for the next hour at least."

After the children had collected what seemed to them the biggest heap of wood they had ever seen, John said to Squanto:

"Do you think we have enough sap to cover the bottom of the kettles?"

Squanto went to the troughs. Then he took one of the two empty pails, and poured sap into it from the troughs and from the sap pail which stood under the tree John had cut.

"There is enough to cover the bottom of the kettles," he said. "The sap is running well to-day."

The children watched Squanto divide the sap between the kettles. After a long time they saw the liquid begin slowly to bubble and seethe.

"Come, come," said John, "you are letting the fire die down. I can tell you it is not easy to get enough wood when you are sugaring. Off for sticks, all of you."

The children brought load after load. John told them that the more wood they brought, the longer they could watch the kettles boiling. While they were gone John and Giles and Squanto made basswood spouts.

Presently Squanto took an ax, and went off alone. The children could hear his ax ringing and echoing through the woods. When he came back they saw that he had three small logs.

"What are you going to do, Squanto?" asked Love.

"I make more troughs," answered Squanto. "The sap is flowing well for my white brothers. We shall need more troughs to catch it."



The children brought load after load

Squanto set his logs near the fire. Then he put some of the burning wood on top of the logs, just in the center of each.

"I know!" cried Love. "He is going to burn out the trough."

"It will hold more than the pails," Squanto said.

The children began to watch the kettles again, while Giles Hopkins brought more sap.

"There goes the sixth quart," Giles said. "How much sugar will that make, think you, John Alden?"

"According to Squanto, the sap boils down a good deal. I should say four gallons of the liquid would make not more than one pound of sugar."

The children uttered a disappointed "Oh!"

"Nay, you expect too much," John said. "Each tree will yield from two to six pounds."

"But there are many trees," Giles said. "Take comfort, then. See, we have cut eight already. We shall have all the sugar we need."

"Especially if the sap runs so well," said John. "I must have more pails and cut more trees this afternoon."

The children thought the sap took a long time to boil. They looked at it while they ate their cold dinner. John and Squanto tended it carefully, and skimmed off all the refuse matter which came to the surface. At last Squanto said the sirup was boiled enough; that if it boiled any more the sugar would be burnt. John poured the liquid into a wooden pail, cooling it with snow. The sirup slowly hardened into a cake of coarse grayish-brown sugar. The children were delighted.

"Now," said John. "It grows late, and you must all go back. Giles will go with you."

"But are n't you coming?" asked Love.

"No, Giles is coming back, and he and Squanto and I shall stay all night. The sap runs so well that I do not wish to leave it."

"We can ill be spared for this work," said Giles; "but must is our master."

"Oh, John, let me stay," cried Love.

"And me!" said Bart.

"And me!" said John Billington.

The little girls were willing to go home.

"The wolves may come," said John Alden.

"Oh, no," said Love. "This is too near the settlement. Pray, John Alden, let us stay."

"Why not, then?" asked Giles. "I am needed in the fields. Let the lads come back with fresh pails, and blankets to sleep on."

"Ask your mothers," said John. "If they consent, so do I."

Love and Bart started off, carrying a pail between them. They ran almost all the way to the settlement. They were so out of breath that they could n't talk when they reached the Brewster house. They only pointed to the pail of sugar.

Mistress Brewster tasted it and said it was good. Then the boys began to ask to go back and stay with John Alden. Mistress Billington would not consent to let John go, but Mistress Brewster said

that Love and Bart might go if they were really needed. Giles said there would be work for them.



Mistress Brewster tasted the sugar

So, after eating supper, Love and Bart set out for the maple grove. They each wore a thick cloak and each carried two blankets, besides four more wooden pails. This was a heavy burden for such small boys, but the little pioneers were hardened to work.

As soon as the boys reached John and Squanto they at once began to collect more firewood, while

the men watched the kettles. By this time it was quite dark. John lighted some pine knots and set them about on the ground. After this the moon rose, and the boys got still more firewood.

John made them wrap up in the blankets and try to sleep, while he and Squanto took turns watching the kettles, but for a long time the boys were too much excited even to shut their eyes.

What if a wolf should really come, with its eyes blazing like the fire and its breath whistling like the wind? What if the big kettles should fall and spill the sirup?

By and by they began to feel very quiet. The white moonlight shone down on them, making the tall trees look dark and still. They felt the great silence about them. It was broken only by the steady drip of the sap in the troughs, the crackle of the fire, and now and then the distant hoot of an owl. England seemed very far away, almost as far as the big stars above them. Even Leiden Street, and the log houses, seemed very far away. They breathed in the wholesome forest smells, and they felt very happy to be in this new world, making a new nation.

In the gray of early morning John woke them to send them for more firewood. They were a little stiff and tired, but without a word of complaint they hurried off for dead branches. They

did not have their breakfast until they had enough wood to last two hours. Then they ate some dried fish and some bread, on which John spread generous lumps of maple sugar.

After breakfast John said: "Squanto found something this morning when he was tapping a fresh tree. He will show you."

Squanto took the boys up to a hollow tree.

"Look inside," called John. "It's safe."

"Oh!" cried Bart. "It's honey — wild honey! Surely we have plenty of sweets."

"Surely you have," John said. "And now go back to the settlement with a cake of sugar. No, no, carry only one. Send the other children so that they may carry back these other three cakes."

"And may we come back?" asked Love.

"If you are not too tired," John said. "Ask Priscilla to bring Squanto and me a hot dish this noon, if she can spare the time."

Though Love and Bart did not spend another night out of doors, they helped John Alden and Squanto every day until more than enough sugar had been gathered to supply the colony for a year. They learned many things: that the sweetest sap came from a maple that stood alone in a grove of trees; that sap from a shallow cut dripped more freely but sap from a deep cut was sweeter; and

that other trees besides maples had a sweet sap.

"The children have worked hard in the sugar making," John Alden said to Mr. Bradford, who was now the governor.

"That is as it should be," said Governor Bradford. "The play of our pioneer children must be work for many a year to come."

CHAPTER XIV

THE SAILING OF THE "MAYFLOWER"

THE April sun was hot, and the children were tired. They had been working in their gardens and helping the men scale the fish. They had had dinner, and were standing outside the common house.

"This is the first really warm day we have had since we left Southampton," Bart said.

"It seems good not to have shoes and stockings on," Love said. "The sun feels warm and soft on my feet."

"T is almost like an English day," said Mistress Brewster, leaving her doorway and joining the children.

She shut her eyes, and saw a flash of her old home, Scrooby. There were the soft green meadows about the manor house. There were the tall sycamore and willow trees. She could see the green hedges surrounding the farmhouses. She could see the hawthorn trees in bloom, and could hear the singing of the wild thrush. She could see the old ivy-covered church of Scrooby, its gray spire pointing to the sky.

Then she opened her eyes, and saw Leiden

Street with its half-dozen log huts, the hill behind, and, still farther away, the woods. And there at her feet were the soberly clad children, looking curiously at her.

"Oh, mother, tell us a tale of Scrooby," said Love.

"Do, do, Mistress Brewster," begged the children.

"I will bring out a stool," said Bart, running into the house.

Mistress Brewster sat on the stool among the children.

"So you want a tale of home?" she asked. "And yet none of you remember anything about home; we spent so many years in Holland when we found that we should not be allowed to worship in peace in England."

"I have not seen Scrooby," said Love, "but I have heard so many tales of it that I think I can see it."

"Do tell us a tale of Scrooby," cried Priscilla, joining the group. "I love to hear the stories of the time when Elder Brewster had charge of the relays of horses on the post road in Scrooby."

"Those were days of care," said Mistress Brewster.

"Ah, but think of the processions and the fine gentlemen clattering along the streets, clad in

their gay attire! Just think, Love, of the day the Earl of Essex came, wearing a satin suit all sprinkled with diamonds! Three thousand pounds it cost. They say that one who followed him, and



"So you want a tale of home?" Mistress Brewster asked

picked up the diamonds he dropped, sold them for a little fortune."

"Priscilla," reprov'd Mistress Brewster, "you are too worldly, child, too fond of hearing of gay clothes and worldly music."

Priscilla blushed, and Mistress Brewster continued: "That three thousand pounds would be the making of our colony if we had it. It would bring us many a good comfort from England. But you would hear a story of England, children?"

"Yes, yes, of England, of your home, Scrooby," said the children.

"Then I will tell you a tale of Scrooby Manor. It happened long ago, — full eighty years ago. It was my grandmother who told it to me.

"One morning the people of Scrooby saw a fine horseman come galloping down the village street. He had on a splendid crimson velvet cloak, and he carried a great golden trumpet. His horse was white, with long, streaming tail, and long, glossy mane.

"The horseman galloped on till he came to Scrooby Manor, which was then the archbishop's house.

"‘I am from the king!’ he cried.

"The warder at the gate let him through into the courtyard. He dismounted, and another servant led him to the library, where sat the wife of the archbishop.

"‘My lord is not at home,’ she said, bowing deeply to the messenger of the king. ‘I pray you, deliver your message to me.’

"The messenger returned her salutation.

“‘His majesty, King Henry the Eighth, with his son, Prince Edward, and their suite, will visit Scrooby for the purpose of holding a great hunt of the fox to-morrow. They will arrive to-day while it is still light. The king will do you the honor of lodging with you, — he and the prince and their suite. I do not doubt that you will make noble entertainment for them.’

“‘The archbishop’s wife made a suitable reply, and then the messenger departed. The moment he was out of the room the lady showed her excitement.

“‘The king coming! And to-day! How can I get everything done? I must hurry to the kitchen. There will be great kneading of pastries and making of mincemeat this day.’

“‘The lady took off her rich brocaded gown and put on a plain woollen robe. She passed down the broad oak stairs and through the hall. She went to the kitchen, and told the news to the servants. Such excitement as they felt! The chief cook began to bustle about and give orders.

“‘I will have an ox roasted whole in the fireplace,’ he said. ‘And there must be two little pigs standing upright on the table. Aye, and there must be plovers roasted with their feathers on. And Margot — where is Margot? She must make sauces all day long.’

“‘I myself will make cakes for the king,’ said the archbishop’s wife.

“The chief cook frowned. He thought he could make cakes much better than the lady. But he dared not protest; he only began to give orders more loudly than ever. Then all the kitchen servants began to give orders to those below them in rank. And the very smallest servant of all, little Edward Monkham, was almost overwhelmed with orders.

“‘Come, come, come!’ cried the archbishop’s wife. “’T is Ned here, and Ned there, till you have the child bewildered. Come here, Ned.’

“Edward was not more than ten years old. He had a very sweet face, with big, serious brown eyes, and curling yellow hair. He wore a doublet and short trousers of brown worsted and long gray stockings, and coarse shoes.

“‘Now then, Ned,’ said the lady kindly, ‘can you remember all those orders you have received?’

“‘Some of them, my lady,’ Edward replied. ‘I am to go to the scullery and polish the great knife. I am to peel apples for the dumplings. I am to measure out spices and oils for Margot. I am to run to my mother and other village women for fresh butter and milk. I — am —’

“But here the lady interrupted him, laughing.

“‘Well, well, child, none can deny that you have

a good memory. Do these errands, but no more. Come to me then, for I have a plan of my own for you.'

"In two or three hours Edward was free. He came to the great hall where the archbishop's wife sat with her women, giving orders about the airing of linen for the beds.

"'You have been prompt, child,' said the lady. 'But fie, fie, what mean those red eyes? Why have you cried?'

"'I have been to the village, my lady,' said Edward, 'and I have seen my mother and father. They have heard of the hunt. Our fields are full of wheat, and if it is tramped on by the riders we shall starve.'

"'Now, lad, I am sorry,' said the lady, 'and the other farmers are in as bad a case as your father.'

"'Nay, they have other crops than wheat,' said Edward. 'Moreover, their fields do not all lie so near the highroad as ours.'

"'Well, child, dry your tears. We must all do the king's will,' said the lady, 'and you, too, must have a share in all these doings. Do you know what these are?'

"'She held up a doublet of white satin, with scarlet facings, and a pair of long white silk hose.

"'T is the suit of a page,' Edward said.

"'Aye, and it is your suit. You are to be page

to Prince Edward in case he needs you, or asks for you. You shall stand behind me at the door when we receive him. Then you shall tell him all about Scrooby if he cares to talk with you. Go call the barber, and have him dress your hair. Then shall you wear these clothes.'

"In spite of his sad heart Edward could not help feeling pleased that he was to be a part of the great doings. He was dressed long before the king reached Scrooby. He took his station at an upper window of the manor.

"The day wore on. At last, far off, he saw a little cloud of dust; then he saw the forms of a string of riders. These grew larger, and he heard the sound of trumpets. And then the long cavalcade came sweeping down the main street of Scrooby.

"First came the king's guards, in their red coats, and then the stout king, riding on a big gray horse. By his side, on a little black pony, rode Edward, the Prince of Wales. Behind rode, two and two, noblemen, guards, soldiers, and servants. The armor clashed and clattered, the sun shone on bright steel and gay plumes, and the splendid company rode into the courtyard of Scrooby Manor.

"The archbishop went forward and bowed low to the king. When Henry dismounted, the

archbishop kissed his hand. Then he kissed the little prince's hand. The soldiers and servants made two lines, and the king and prince passed between them to the great door.

"There they greeted the wife of the archbishop. As the lady bowed low, the prince caught sight of Edward Monkham behind her.

"Is that the lady's page?" asked the prince.

"Nay, your Highness," answered the archbishop's wife, "t is a page for you, if you will have him."

"That will I," said the little prince. "For the king brought no boy with us."

"The king and prince and the attendants went to their rooms, and made ready for supper. It was a very grand and wasteful feast. The great dining hall was hung with rich cloths. Upon the floor, strewn with rushes, were placed trestles, and across these boards were laid. Then a fine white cloth was spread, and golden and silver plates and mugs and bowls and saltcellars were set about.

"The servants brought the food from the kitchen. First of all, they carried in eight boars' heads on silver platters. Then followed great quarters of beef. Then, on gold dishes, plovers so carefully cooked that their bright colors were preserved.

"The chief cook had not forgotten to have tiny roasted pigs made ready. There were also rabbits stewed in Margot's rich sauces. Then came hams and curries. Lastly, there were dumplings and tarts, and preserves, dates, apples, and figs.

"Edward, the page, stood behind Prince Edward's chair, waiting on him. And more than once he sighed as he saw the wasteful profusion of food. His father and mother thought they did well if they tasted meat once a week. Yet here were pounds and pounds of flesh going away untasted. These people who wasted the food would to-morrow waste his father's living for the year when they rode through the wheat in pursuit of the foxes.

"After the long meal the page escorted the prince, accompanied by two men-at-arms, through Scrooby Manor. The page thought it the finest house in the world, but Prince Edward had seen many finer. He was, however, a polite boy, so he admired all he truthfully could. The page was shy at first, but the shyness wore off after a time, and soon the two were talking like any two boys. Prince Edward told all about his home in London, and his tutors, and his two sisters, Princess Mary and Princess Elizabeth. The page listened and asked questions, but he did not talk about his own humble life as a kitchen boy.

"At last they came to the topmost room of Scrooby Manor, a tall one overlooking the courtyard. The prince and the page entered it quickly in advance of the men-at-arms.

"The little prince went to the window.

"Ah, it is open. Now I can look away down below,' he cried.

"The two boys mounted upon a bench beneath the window and looked out. They were not high enough, so they climbed to the sill. The little prince leaned away out. Suddenly he lost his balance.

"Edward Monkham seized him by his silken doublet and held him, shouting for help.

"It was only a minute before the men-at-arms rushed in, but it seemed hours to the page. His little arms were aching, his body was hanging half out of the window.

"He felt thankful for the hard work which had made him strong enough to save the future king of England from death on the pavement below.

"The men-at-arms pulled both the boys into the room. One of them boxed the page's ears so hard that he staggered across the room.

"Take that for daring to lead the prince into danger!' he cried.

"Nay, then, Diccon, if you but touch him again I will speak to the king and have you beaten,'

cried Prince Edward. 'Had the lad not been here, I had fallen upon the stone courtyard and been killed.'

"'He should not have let your Highness approach the window,' muttered the man.

"'It was my own fault,' said the prince. 'I led the way. I will tell the king you have saved me, lad.'

"'So downstairs the little boys clattered, and sought the king, who was still in the dining hall eating sweetmeats, which the archbishop's lady had made for him especially. The prince told his story, and then said:

"'So he saved me, and will you not give him a gift, sire?'

"'Aye, will I,' said Henry, the king, his ruddy face paling as he thought of the danger to his son. 'What will you have, boy? Money? Land? Steeds? Armor?'

"'The boy looked at the king, and then at the archbishop.

"'Oh, your Majesty,' he cried, 'not money, but just that you will not hunt to-morrow, and thus spare the crops!'

"'The king frowned at him.

"'You are thinking of the few ears of wheat my men will trample. But what if I pay, and richly, for all I destroy?'



The prince told his story

“Edward was almost afraid to speak, but at last he said:

“‘Nay, sire; I do not like the work of my father’s hands to be lost. I would that he had his wheat, no more, no less.’

“‘Nay, then, ’t is not a greedy wish,’ cried the king, laughing. “Say, then, will you come with your prince and me to London?’

"‘Aye, come, Ned,’ said the prince.

"‘Sire,’ answered the boy, ‘my father and mother have none but me. They are so poor that they must hire me out.’

"‘In faith, but this boy is obstinate,’ cried Henry. ‘What I and the prince will, must be done. But I will give your father a holding of land, so that he will be rich enough to hire a boy, and a man too. Then you will come, Master Unwilling?’

"‘Gladly, sire. I could ask no better than to serve the prince,’ said the page, as he bent and kissed the king’s hand.

"So that was the beginning of Edward’s fortune," finished Mistress Brewster. "And if you were back in Scrooby this day you would see what a great family Ned Monkham has founded."

"‘T is a pretty story," said Priscilla.

"But I can hardly believe that people have such grand houses and furniture," said Love. "Our little log houses are so different."

"And think of all that rich food!" cried Bart. "It is long since I tasted a sweetcake, or had an apple."

"And our friends in England have all the food and clothing they need," said Mary Allerton. "They do not have to use clam shells for dishes."

"Look!" cried little Wrestling. "Here comes Captain Jones, and one of the sailors."

The captain approached the common house with a serious air.

"I would speak with the men," he said, "and the women, too."

Some of the men were in the common house, sharpening their tools, or resting, before they began afternoon work in the fields.

They looked up as Captain Jones entered.

"He is come to speak of the sailing of the *Mayflower*," Governor Bradford thought.

All winter the *Mayflower* had been rocking in the harbor instead of sailing to England. First, Captain Jones and his sailors had waited for repairs. Then they were afraid to trust the ship in the hard winter storms. And, lastly, many of the sailors had been sick, and some had died.

Captain Jones and his sailors had not been so kind to the pioneers as they might have been. But the pioneers had helped them when they were sick, and Captain Jones and the men felt grateful.

Captain Jones addressed the pioneers:

"I and my sailors have suffered as well as you, but we have not borne our suffering so well. Our food is low and poor, but such as it is, we will share it with you if you wish to go home to England with us."

No one spoke for a moment. Then Captain Jones went on:

"You have, no doubt, pickled some food which we could take. Our food would surely last till we reached old England. Come, what do you say?"

Still no one spoke, and Captain Jones continued:

"I ask no money for this. You are all brave men and women, aye, and children. You have lived through a fearful winter, but do not think of another. This is no land for civilized men. It is fit only for savages."

Then Governor Bradford looked about him.

"If there is any man here who would return, let him speak," he said. "He may go freely."

No one spoke. Then the governor looked at the women.

"Some of our womenkind have set their hands to work that is too hard for them. Pioneer life is even harder for them than for us. If there is any unmarried woman here who would return, let her go under the protection of Captain Jones."

But no woman spoke.

Then the governor looked at the boys and girls.

"It has been a hard winter for our tender little ones," he said. "They have had difficult work, and no schooling. If there is any parent who would send his child home, let him speak."

No one spoke for a moment; then Elder Brewster said: "Nay, William Bradford, our home is here."

"You have heard," said the governor to Captain Jones. "No one will go. The half of those of us who came here to make a settlement are dead, but, under God's grace, those of us who are left will give rise to a new nation."

Captain Jones could not speak for a time. Then he shook hands silently with all the men.

"God bless all here," he said.

He left the common house and went to the shore, the men and the women and the children following him. He and his sailors entered the boat and began to row toward the *Mayflower*. The captain kept looking back at those he was leaving. When he had boarded the *Mayflower* the sailors hauled up the anchor.

Slowly the *Mayflower* spread her sails, and moved out toward the sea. The women shed tears, and the men turned away.

"The *Mayflower* is the only tie we have with home," whispered Mistress Brewster, thinking of her son and daughters in England.

"Nay, nay," said Governor Bradford. "Think of your good husband's words — 'Our home is here.'"

They watched the *Mayflower* for a few minutes longer. Then they all turned back to Leiden Street and took up their duties.

CHAPTER XV

SCHOOL

THE spring weather made a great difference in the feelings of every one. The sober Pilgrims smiled and spoke cheerfully. The children laughed and danced. Little Peregrine White began to cut his teeth a full month before any one expected him to.

The children went hunting for wildflowers with Squanto. They found many hard berries which would ripen some day, but what they liked most of all were some wild-cherry trees. Love, who liked pretty things, broke off a bunch of the sweet blossoms for his mother. He knew that it was wasteful, but he wanted her to put them in the silver sugarpot, and make the table look bright.

The first wildflowers they found were the dandelions. What fun they had making dandelion beads out of the stems! And later on, when the stems grew longer, they split them into long curls.

In their new home, they did not forget the English flowers, but watched eagerly for the hollyhocks and larkspurs to grow, which their mothers had planted. All the spring seemed to them full of delight.

"The best thing about it," said Bart, one day when they were all playing near the common



"The best thing about it," said Bart, "is that they have n't yet put us to studying"

house, "is that they have n't yet put us to studying."

"I believe they have forgotten all about it," said Wrestling.

"I have forgotten all I know, except the rime about the months.

"Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November; February has twenty-eight alone, and all the rest have thirty-one."

Bart began to jump up and down, singing:

“Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice makes me mad.”

Then he suddenly stopped. There in the doorway of the common house stood his father, frowning at him.

“What is this I hear?” he said. “I have been told there are foolish men who make grammars in rime, and arithmetics in rime. I had yet to hear my own son saying naughty talk in rime.”

Bart stood still, afraid of what the next words would be.

“It seems that these children have been away from books long enough, Governor Bradford,” said Mr. Allerton, as the governor came out of the common house. “They are dancing, and singing foolish rimes. I doubt if they can say the multiplication table.”

“I trust they have not forgotten that,” said the governor, gently. “But ’t is high time they had schooling. Elder Brewster can give them Latin, I doubt not.”

“And Priscilla will give them reading and writing and arithmetic. She writes a fair, fine hand,” said Mr. Allerton. “We must speak to her, and begin on the morrow.”

Bart felt very doleful, but Love was glad.

"I want to learn Latin," he said; "and I want not to forget how to read. There are some big words in father's Bible that I could not spell out on Sunday."

"You will like going to school, Bart, when Priscilla teaches you," said Wrestling. "You know you write a poor hand."

Meantime, Mr. Allerton had gone into Elder Brewster's house. Soon Priscilla came out and approached the boys.

"I am to give you lessons in reading and writing," she said.

"But, Priscilla," replied Bart, "there is very little ink powder left."

When Elder Brewster and Governor Bradford wished to write, they dissolved ink powder in water.

"I will make you ink," Priscilla said. "You boys must cut me some of the bark of the swamp maple. Then I will boil it till it is thick, and dilute it with copperas."

"Will it be black?" asked Love.

"Not very black," said Priscilla. "Later on, when the flower beds have grown up, we can get red ink from the bloodroot."

"But what shall we write and cipher on?" Love asked. "Father can never spare any from our small store of paper."

"No, in truth; why should our awkward scrawls waste good fair paper?" Priscilla said. "We shall use birch bark, to be sure."

Bart looked cheerful when he heard this. He thought he should like copy books made of birch bark. That very afternoon the children went to the woods and cut a pile of birch bark. They made it into thin, square leaves, and fastened these into books by means of birch-bark string, run through holes at the top of each page. Each of the children had a book, and there was an extra one for Priscilla. They showed them to her, and she asked, "Have you all pens?"

"I never thought of pens," said Bart.

There was only one way to make a pen, and that was to cut it from a goose quill, with the feather left on the handle. Elder Brewster gave a bundle of quills to Love, and John Alden cut them into shape.

Bart wanted to try, but John was afraid to let him.

"It takes great skill," he said. "Perhaps I'll let you try the next time we make any," and John gave a pen to each child.

The next morning the children went to school in Elder Brewster's house. They sat on the benches and the two stools, while Priscilla sat in the elder's carved chair.

First of all she set Bart and Love and Mary and the other children at a writing lesson. She wrote a pretty line in each birch-bark book, and told her pupils to copy it. Then she took two horn books and began to teach Remember and Resolved their letters. They had never seen a horn book, though the other children had.

A horn book was really not a book at all, but just a single page. A piece of wood, two by four inches, had a sheet of paper a little smaller pasted on it. On this page was printed the alphabet, in large and small letters; then syllables like *ab*, *ob*; and then the Lord's prayer. Over this page was then laid a thin sheet of yellow-green horn, through which the letters could be seen. The horn and paper were fastened to the wood round the edges by a narrow strip of brass, which was tacked down by tiny nails. At the lower end of the wooden back was a little handle with a hole in it.

"That used to be my book," whispered Bart. "I had a string in the hole, and used to hang the book around my neck."

"No whispering," said Priscilla. "Keep to your writing, Bart."

She pointed at the letters of the horn book with her knitting needle, and did her best to teach the little ones. After a time she brought out a sweet-cake, on which she had traced the alphabet in large

letters. When they had the cake to look at, Remember and Resolved found that the letters were easy to learn.

Meanwhile Bart had finished his copy, and had turned to the last page of his book. On it he wrote:

“BART ALLERTON: *His Book*
If this you see
Remember me.”

Then Love thought of a verse he had seen in a book of his father's. So he wrote:

“LOVE BREWSTER: *His Book*
God give Him Grace therein to look;
Not only to look, but to understand
That Learning is better than House or Land.
When Land is Gone and Money spent,
Then Learning is most excellent.”

Priscilla did not scold them for these rimes. She looked at the writing, and said they had done very well for a beginning. Then she repeated a psalm, and asked the children to spell the words. Her spelling was not very accurate. In the seventeenth century different people sometimes spelled the same word in several different ways. But she carried out the lesson to the best of her ability.

After that she had an arithmetic lesson. She chose this example: Fifteen Christians and fifteen pagans were at sea in one and the same

ship in a terrible storm. The pilot declared it was necessary to cast one half of those persons into the sea that the rest might be saved. They all agreed that the persons to be cast away should be set out by lot after this manner: the thirty persons should be placed in a round form, like a ring, and then the count should be made, and every ninth person should be cast into the sea, until of the thirty persons there remained only fifteen. The problem was how those thirty persons ought to be placed that the lot might fall upon the fifteen pagans and not upon any of the fifteen Christians.

Love and Bart worked hard, but they could not get any answer. Then Priscilla said that school had held long enough, and that they might work at the sum another time.

After Love and Bart had gone into Leiden Street they did not begin to play. They were still deeply interested in the problem of the Christians and the pagans. They went down to the shore and worked it out with pebbles, using white pebbles for the Christians and dark pebbles for the pagans.

"But it is not a pleasant sum," Love said. "I do not think the pagans should be drowned any more than the Christians. I will ask Priscilla to call them good and bad ears of corn, and to have nothing worse befall them than to be picked."

During the rest of the spring, school lasted for two hours every day.

The children worked diligently, the girls learning sewing as well as reading. Damaris was given a long, narrow linen sampler, on which she was to work the letters of the alphabet. Mary and Ellen More, being older, had to embroider a verse



*They went down to the shore and worked it out
with pebbles*

of the Bible on theirs. The one they chose was: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." Priscilla thought that was a good verse for little pioneers.

Part of the time, when the children thought they were playing they really were learning. This was when Squanto showed them how to make

things. First of all, he showed them how to make maple-wood dishes. The maple was very soft and satiny on its surface, and the women were glad to have it turned into trenchers and bowls. Then Squanto taught the children to braid mats, but their work was much coarser than his. He showed them how to make baskets out of grass and of willow. He helped Damaris make a fine cradle for her doll. Once when Damaris brought him her horn book he got a piece of horn and showed the children how the Indians made horn spoons. That year the boys made several, to take the place of John Billington's clam-shell spoons.

Boys and girls, both, learned to make moccasins, and they were thankful to have them in place of their worn-out shoes. The moccasins were soft to their feet, and easy to walk in.

But perhaps the most useful thing the children learned in Squanto's school was to make birch brooms. The hemlock brooms which John Alden and Bart and Love had made were not very lasting. Squanto took the children to the woods one day, and chose a young birch tree, perhaps six inches in diameter. He cut it off and made it into a stick about six feet long. Then, about fifteen inches from the big end, he slashed a line. The shorter part he cut with a sharp knife into thin slivers. For fifteen inches above the line he

cut other slivers, and tied them down with a string over the first lot of slivers. Then he trimmed the edges off evenly. Lastly, he cut the top part of the broom into handle shape.

Now and then John Alden added a lesson. He taught the boys to make little shoe pegs. They also made very large wooden pegs to be used in house building. There were very few nails in Plymouth, and they were felt to be almost as rare as gold. So that, with what Priscilla and John and Squanto taught them, the children learned a great deal that spring. But Bart kept longing for harvest time, for then he knew that every one would be too busy to think of school.

CHAPTER XVI

THE JOURNEY TO MASSASOIT

ALL the children, even little Damaris Hopkins, knew that the Indians, men, women, and children, came too often and in too great numbers to the colony, hoping for food and hindering the people in their work. The good governor wished to be friendly with them, and wished to show them hospitality. But food was scarce in the colony and time was precious. He decided that he would send two men to visit the chief, Massasoit, and ask him to continue the league of peace with the colony and also to keep the Indians from coming to Plymouth in such great numbers.

Accordingly when Tisquantum, an Indian who could speak English, came to Plymouth, the governor chose Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins, father of Giles, to go back with him bearing a message to Massasoit. The two men took as presents to the chief a horseman's coat of red cotton laced with a thin lace, and a copper chain.

They left the common house one morning about nine o'clock.

"We shall be back before the week is out," Edward Winslow told the governor. "This night

we shall stay at Namasket, one of Massasoit's villages. It cannot be far, since the people who live there are ever flocking in thick to see us."

When they set out, Tisquantum in the lead carrying some of their burdens, Bart and Love followed them down Leiden Street all the way to the edge of the village, for they were much interested in the world that lay beyond Plymouth. Besides, they would have liked to see Massasoit again. They remembered how tall and broad he was, and how strange his necklace of wolf fangs looked. But they knew they were needed at home to weed the crops, and dig clams, and do any other work of which they were capable. They did not mention their wish even to each other.

As early as Thursday the boys began wondering when the two messengers would return, although they knew their elders merely hoped that the men would be home by the Sabbath day. All day Friday, whenever Love had time, he would walk a little way in the direction from which the Indians entered the village with news. In the night he was awakened by a heavy storm of thunder and lightning, and he hoped the two men were safe and dry somewhere. He said a prayer for their safety before he went to sleep again. When Love awoke it was raining, but he wrapped a cloth about his shoulders and ran to the common

house to see if there was any news of the messengers. Hardly had he entered when an Indian came with news. He had a letter to the governor which asked that food be sent by the messenger to Namasket, where the two men would get it, being sadly in need of it. The governor had a parcel made up of cold cooked fish and lobster and two small pieces of cheese, the last in the colony, and a little bread.

Love and Bart, studying the faces of their elders, knew that they were anxious.

"I had thought that Massasoit would have food in plenty for our messengers," the governor said to Elder Brewster.

"They must have been in need or they would not have sent to us," replied Elder Brewster. "But I trust that all will be well, and that they will come in safety this night."

Bart and Love hoped the two men would return before dark, for they did not want to be sent to bed before they learned the outcome of the visit to Massasoit. But when twilight came they were about ready to give up hope. They were in the common house and ready to go to their homes when they heard a shouting in the street.

"They have come!"

They ran to the doorway, and there, coming down the street, staggering with weariness, were

Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins. Mr. Hopkins was so hoarse with a cold and so tired that he could only nod when they spoke to him. They entered the common house, where Mistress Brewster had been keeping a stew hot for them. Thankfully they ate it, and then Edward Winslow said:

"We must tell you of our adventures. Let the children hear, too, for it is well for them to know how we are situated."

Bart and Love nudged each other. Hearing the account was the next best thing to having gone on the journey. All those who were in the common house sat on the benches and stools and the floor, eager to listen. Edward Winslow took a seat near the sick men lying on the beds, so that they might hear without effort. It was he who talked, for he was not so weary as Stephen Hopkins, who was an older man.

"We had thought," Edward Winslow said, "that Namasket was near by, but we found it to be fifteen miles from Plymouth. On our way we were joined by those Indians, the men, women, and children, who have so many times pestered us this spring. They went with us to Namasket, which we did not reach till three o'clock. The Indians there were very glad to see us. They gave us some bread made of corn which they call

maizium, and the eggs of shad, of which they had a great many. With these eggs they had boiled musty acorns, but we did not eat any of those."

Bart wrinkled his nose. He knew that sometimes the Indians boiled acorns for a long time and ate them. But he had not liked those he had eaten, although Love said cooked acorns must be better than nothing.

"Tisquantum, our guide," Edward Winslow continued, "told us that we could not go this day as far as Packanokick, where Massasoit was, but we could go eight miles farther, to a place where we would find plenty of food. We were glad to agree, for we wanted to hasten our journey. We arrived at sunset, and found many of the Indians of Namasket fishing on a weir which they had made on a river at this place. They had caught an abundance of bass. They made us welcome and gave us some of their fish. We gave them some of our victuals, supposing that we could get more wherever we went."

Edward Winslow looked at Mr. Hopkins to see whether he wanted to continue the story, but Mr. Hopkins shook his head.

"We slept that night in the open fields," Edward Winslow went on, "for these people had no houses, though they spent most of the summer

there. On both sides of the river the ground is good, and once many Indians dwelt all along its banks. But three or four years before we came to this country there was a great plague. It is because of that plague that the land we took was free. The Indians died by thousands. Sometimes not more than one man in a village was left alive to tell the tale. There are places where their bones lie thick. Stephen Hopkins and I felt it a sad thing to see the goodly fields and no man left alive to dress and manure them.

"The next morning we went on with the journey. Six Indians went with us. We walked for six miles along the river, and then the Indians told us we must take off our clothes and wade across. As we were making ready to cross, two old men on the other side, the only two left alive, ran down to the shore, stooping over in the grass. Thinking we were enemies, they were going to shoot us with bows and arrows. But when they saw who we were they welcomed us, and gave us what food they could, and we gave them a bead bracelet."

"They were brave old men, those Indians," Love whispered to Bart.

Edward Winslow caught the whisper, and said:

"We spoke of their courage. We left them, and went on. The weather was very hot for

travel, but there were many springs and small rivers, so we were never thirsty. We noticed that the Indians would only drink from a spring head. They were very friendly. Once, when we came to a wide brook, two of them offered to carry us over. They offered to carry our matchlocks and would have helped us in all ways. There were many trees, but not too thickly set, for twice a year, at the spring and at the fall of the leaf, the savages set fire to the woods so as to consume the underbrush. Thus it is better for their hunting.

"We saw a strange Indian, and one of our Indians said that if he was a Narragansett man we could not trust him. We took our matchlocks and replied that even if there were twenty Narragansetts we would not be afraid of them. But the Indian was friendly and he had with him only two women. They had no food, but they gave us water. We drank with them and went on. Afterwards, we met another Indian with two women who had been by the salt water. They had baskets full of roasted crabs and dried shellfish. We ate and drank with them, and gave each of them a string of beads, and then went forward."

Everybody in the common house was listening intently. It meant a great deal to them to know that the Indians their two messengers had met

were not enemies, and to hear what the country was like. For they had in mind the future, when other colonists would be coming over to swell their numbers and would need good land on which to settle.

"We came to another village belonging to Massasoit," Edward Winslow continued, "where we ate oysters and other fish. From there we went to Packanokick, but Massasoit was not at home. The Indians sent for him. When he was near us, Tisquantum asked us to fire off the matchlock as a greeting. But as one of us was about to load, the women and children became afraid and ran away. When Massasoit came we discharged our matchlocks and saluted him. He welcomed us and took us into his wigwam."

Love wanted to know what Massasoit's wigwam was like, but he dared not interrupt. It almost seemed as if Edward Winslow knew what was in the boy's mind, for he said:

"The house or wigwam of Massasoit was like others we have seen, only larger. It was made of long young saplings, bent, with both ends stuck into the earth. The wigwam, as usual, was round in shape and covered with thick and well-made mats. The chimney was a wide, open hole at the top, and the door was only a yard high. There was a large bed made of planks laid a foot from

the ground and covered with thin mats. There were wooden dishes, bowls, trays, earthen pots, and baskets of all sorts, some finely and some coarsely woven. They were made of rushes or of bark, or of wild hemp and of grass. A few of these were ornamented with birds and fishes and flowers, made in color. Inside, on the walls, various horns were stuck up, as well as deer's feet and eagles' claws. Since it is summer, the fire was outside. We saw the sticks on which the Indians hung their cooking pots, but no pots were to be seen.

"The place was dirty. Bones of animals lay about, left over from cooking, and as they were only partially dried, the scent was not pleasant. The dogs shuffled about, barking and quarreling, and trying to rid themselves of insects."

Here Stephen Hopkins spoke. "It is well," he said, "that the children should know our message to Massasoit. We told him that we were not afraid of the Indians, but wished to live in peace with them and injure no one. We told him we should be glad to welcome Massasoit or any special friend of his, but we could no longer give entertainment to any great number of his people and that we hoped any Indians who had skins would bring them to us. And we also told him that when at our first arrival we had found

corn buried in the ground and no inhabitants, we had taken it, meaning to pay for it if ever we found the owners. Now having learned that the owners had fled for fear of us, we wanted them to know we would pay with a like quantity of corn or of English meal or any commodities we had. We asked that they would exchange some of their seed corn for ours, so that we could see which best agreed with the soil where we live. We gave Massasoit the horseman's coat and the copper chain, saying that if any messenger came to us bringing the chain, we would know that Massasoit had sent him."

Mr. Hopkins' voice broke, and he motioned to Edward Winslow to go on with the story.

"Massasoit promised all that we asked," Edward Winslow continued, "and then he made a great speech to his men, of which we grew very tired before he finished. As far as we could learn, this was the meaning of his speech: Was not he, Massasoit, the ruler of the country about them? Was not such a village his, and the people of it, and should they not bring their skins unto us? To which they answered that they were his and they would be at peace with us and bring their skins to us. After this manner he named at least thirty places, and they made the same answer for each place. All this time we were growing

more and more hungry. After the speeches, we smoked and talked of England and of the French, but no food was brought, for Massasoit had none. At length we said we would go to rest. The chief had us lie down on the bed with himself and his wife, they at one end and we at the other. Two more of his men came to sleep with us.

“These Indians and the ones outside sang themselves to sleep, and what with the noise and the crowding in our bed and the mosquitoes and other insects, we could scarcely sleep at all. When we rose the next day, which was Thursday, still no food was offered us. Many of the chief men came to see us. They gambled with one another for skins and knives. We asked them to shoot with us for skins, but they dared not. But they asked one of us to shoot at a mark. We used hail shot, and they were surprised to see the mark so full of holes.

“About one o'clock Massasoit brought two large fishes, which were boiled, but they had to be shared among at least forty people. Our share of the fish was almost all the food we had in two nights and two days. If one of us had not managed to buy a partridge, we should have set out hungry on our return journey. The Indians begged us to stay longer with them, but we wanted to spend the Sabbath at home. Besides, we were

so weary with lack of sleep that we thought if we were there for another day we should not be able to travel for want of strength.

"So on Friday morning, before sunrise, we departed. Massasoit was grieved that he could not give us better entertainment. He kept Tisquantum, planning to send him from place to place to get skins for us. To return with us he appointed Tokamahamon, an Indian whom we had found faithful before. When we got to the town of Massasoit where we had eaten the oysters, we had a little fish and bought about a handful of parched meal and a string of dried shellfish. The shellfish we gave to the six Indians who accompanied us. We also gave them some tobacco. They knew of a wigwam where they thought we could find food, and they led us there, five miles out of our way. No one was there, and now we were the worse off and less able to go on."

The women in the common house uttered pitying murmurs, but they said nothing. The Pilgrims were used to hardships.

"We reached the weir where we slept before," Edward Winslow went on, "but the Indians who lived there had come back and we had no hope of food. One of them had shot a shad in the water and a small squirrel. He gave us half of each.

It was that night we wrote you the letter and gave it to Tokamahamon, telling him to take it to Namasket and from there send on to you another Indian asking that food meet us at Namasket. We were weak from hunger, but fortunately, of the six savages who set out with us, two remained. They fished for us and got a good store of fish. And that night we went to sleep refreshed.

"About two in the morning there arose a great storm of wind, rain, lightning, and thunder. It was so violent that we could not keep our fire. But while we slept, the savages had roasted fish, so that we had food when we set out. It rained with great violence all day. Wet and weary, we went on, and at length we came to Namasket, from whence we still had fifteen miles to go. There we refreshed ourselves. We gave gifts to all who had shown us kindness.

"There was one Indian of the six who came from Packanokick who had forsaken us on the way, and had been discourteous also to me. He wondered why we did not give him something. We told him why, and said he deserved nothing. But after that we gave him a trifle. Then he offered us tobacco. We told him we knew that he had stolen some tobacco by the way, and if the tobacco he was offering us was that which he

had stolen we could not take it, for if we did our God would be very angry with us. All the other Indians were listening. They were pleased to hear this, and the Indian was ashamed. After we set out, this Indian carried me on his back across one of the rivers. All the Indians were sorry to see us go, and asked us to lodge with them that night. They wondered that we would set out in such weather.

"But we longed for home. Wet, weary, and bruised as we were, the thought of home kept our feet going. The rain ceased when we were two miles from Plymouth. Never had any place looked so good to us as Leiden Street, with the light shining out of the common house. God be praised, who gave us such good fortune on our journey. We here, in this colony, have seen men at noon stagger with faintness for want of food, and yet by night God has given us plenty. We have often been at the pit's brim and in danger of being swallowed up, yet not knowing till afterwards that we had been in peril. But God in His goodness has preserved us. God has made this important journey taken by us mean peace with Massasoit."

Elder Brewster then offered up a prayer of thankfulness. After that the company separated, each going to his own house. Love and Bart

walked away together, saying to each other that when they were men they would ask to be sent exploring. They would travel not just forty miles, the distance Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins had gone, but a hundred miles, or perhaps even two hundred.



CHAPTER XVII

THE ADVENTURE OF JOHN BILLINGTON

IT WAS a warm day toward the end of June. Love and Bart were going to school, when they met John Billington on the street without his copybook or pen.

"You must hurry, John, or you will be late," called Bart.

"I don't want to go to school," grumbled John. "I want to go to the woods for strawberries."

"John Alden and Squanto are going to take us this afternoon," Love said.

John did not answer. He turned slowly in the direction of Elder Brewster's house. Then suddenly he began to run toward the woods.

"I don't want to stay in that hot room and write," he said. "I'll find a great bed of berries, and eat them. I'll stay in the woods all day."

He did not stop to think what would happen to him at the end of the day. Entering the woods, he ran along one of the paths which the pioneers had beaten. Now and then he stopped to pick a flower, or listen to a bird. Sometimes he looked about him for Indians. He walked and ran two or three miles before he found any berries. Then

he came upon a large strawberry bed. The ripening fruit nestled in the green leaves in a very tempting way. John thought he had never tasted anything quite so good. He ate berry after berry.

Then he saw another bed a little way beyond. He went to it, but before he ate he saw another patch that looked still richer. He kept wandering on and on until noon. Then he ate some more berries. After that he felt a little tired. So he lay down under a big oak tree, and slept.

It was the middle of the afternoon when he woke. The sun was still bright and high, and the woods were full of pretty bird sounds. John felt ready for more berries. He walked a long way, picking berries here and there. Soon he got to a thick part of the wood, through which the sun could scarcely come. He hurried, because he wanted to get back into the bright daylight.

But by this time the sun was beginning to sink. All at once John realized that he did not know where he was. He had never been so far from the settlement before. Turning quickly, he ran back through the patch of dark woods. But now he could not remember where he had entered it.

Frightened and crying, he ran along as fast as he could. He saw some strawberry beds, and thought at first they were those he had eaten from.

But after a little while he came to the conclusion that they were beds he had not passed before.

By this time it was getting dark. John began to shout for help, for now he realized that he was lost. Presently he stopped shouting. What if unfriendly Indians heard him, and took him prisoner? Captain Standish had said that there were unfriendly Indians even down on the coast. Perhaps these Indians would find him.

How he wished now that he had gone to school with Love and Bart! He could shut his eyes and see the pioneers all safe at home. Probably the evening meal was over. No doubt Bart and Love were studying Latin by the light of a pine knot, and the little girls were knitting or working their samplers. Soon they would all be going to bed.

Poor John began to cry harder than before. What would happen to him here alone in the woods? Perhaps the wolves would come, or a bear. He crouched up against the roots of a big tree, and almost held his breath, listening for the sound of a bear's heavy tread, or watching to see the bright eyes of a wolf. But all he heard was the crackling of a twig now and then, or the call of an owl. Then he began to be afraid of the silence.

He cried until he was too tired to cry any more. Then he clasped his arms around his knees and rested his head on them. By degrees he swayed,

and nodded, and soon he lay down on the grass and slept.

He waked up just as the birds began their first



*Poor John began to cry harder
than before*

cheeping, and when the light was cold and gray. For a moment he felt he was in his bed at home. He sat up, expecting to see the log walls, and the

chest on which he placed his clothes at night. But what he looked at was the great still woods, with trunk after trunk ascending to a roof of green leaves.

Then he remembered, and the tears came to his eyes. But the gray light grew warm and golden, and the birds began to sing, and John grew more cheerful. He thought he would eat a few berries for breakfast, and then find his way home. It was not long before he came to a fine strawberry bed. He ate as much as he wanted. Then he set off for home. But he was not sure of his direction, and though he walked and walked, he did not see a tree or bush that he had ever seen before.

The morning passed, noon came, and he had to make his dinner of berries. By this time he was longing for a piece of meat or fish, and one of Priscilla's sweetcakes. He was very tired of strawberries.

In the afternoon he walked miles and miles, as it seemed to him, but still he could not find his way out of the woods. At last, in the middle of the afternoon, he heard the barking of a dog. He gave a joyful shout and ran in the direction of the sounds. He was sure it was one of the two dogs the Pilgrims owned.

"Here I am!" he called.

He ran through a clump of trees, and there

stood a party of Indians. John stared at them and they stared at him. He was too surprised to run.

Then he remembered that the governor had said the pioneers must always be quick to show friendliness to an Indian. So he went up to the Indian who seemed to be the leader of the party, and gravely shook hands with him, and bowed. He searched in his pockets to see if he had anything he could use for presents, but all he could find was his top and copybook. He gave them to the Indian, who took them and examined them gravely.

The Indians talked among themselves, and John saw with relief that they were not going to hurt him. The leader made him a sign to follow. John hoped they were subjects of Massachusetts, and would take him home. He tramped along bravely, just behind the chief. He looked back once or twice, and saw the Indians coming one after another, in a long string. After two hours of walking John was very tired, but though he was a disobedient boy, he was a fairly brave one. He walked on without complaint.

It was almost sunset when the Indians reached a camp. The leader shouted, and all the Indians of the camp came hurrying toward them. The first thing John saw was the shapes of the wigwams, and the light of a camp fire. Then he saw the figures of men, and women, and children. He

shut his eyes, afraid they were going to hurt him.

When he opened them again the men and women were crowding around him, fingering his clothes. Their faces were friendly. He bowed to them several times, and they seemed pleased with his good manners.

An old Indian woman took him by the hand and led him to a place by the fire. John sat down,



An old Indian woman led John to a place by the fire

and when she bent over a kettle and got a piece of meat for him, he took it very thankfully. All evening, different Indian boys and girls came up and looked at him. When he grew sleepy, the old Indian woman took him to a wigwam. He crawled in, lay down on a deerskin in the corner, and went to sleep at once.

In the morning he was awakened by shouting. He ran out of his wigwam in alarm, but it was only the young Indians at play. John watched them eagerly. They were playing a game of ball which Squanto had told him about. They were divided into two sides. Each side had a goal made of two upright posts, with a pole across the top. These goals were about fifty yards apart. John saw that each player had two sticks with which he caught and struck at the ball. The object of the play seemed to be for each side to get to the other's goal.

John was so interested that he almost forgot about breakfast. After the old Indian woman had given him something to eat he went back to see the ball game, but it was over.

Before long, however, he saw some of the younger boys wrestling. John had always supposed wrestling matches went by twos. But these Indian boys were divided into two sides, with about fifteen on a side. John noted that whenever

a boy sat down on the ground he was let alone, but as long as he was standing he was open to attack. John thought this a very sensible plan.

Soon the old woman took John by the hand, and led him toward a cornfield. On the way they were joined by a younger woman, who had an Indian baby on her back. It was the first time John had ever seen a papoose. He observed that the little thing was strapped on a board two and a half feet long, fifteen inches wide at the top, and nine inches across at the bottom. A hoop went over the baby's face, and it was tied to its mother by means of a broad band of deer-skin which was fastened around her forehead.

When they reached the field the mother unstrapped the baby, and hung it by the straps to a tree near by. The baby stared at John with round black eyes, and he stared back at it. He sat and looked at it a long time, while the women worked in the cornfield.

Then he joined them, and tried to help them. But all the while he was wondering when they would take him to the settlement.

He was kept in the camp for two or three days. Then some of the Indians who had found him took him on a journey, lasting several hours, to another camp.

The Indians in this camp seemed to John very

richly dressed; many of them wore belts ornamented with shellwork. Their wigwams were made of deerskin, and inside these were many baskets woven in various colors, and bowls and other dishes of red and black. When John arrived the Indians were holding a feast. They were beating drums and dancing. John saw that the drums were pieces of rawhide stretched over hoops. Some drums had one side, and some had two. He noticed that some of the Indians were shaking rattles made of hard hide, inclosing stones. Their dancing was very curious, much of it being done in a stooping attitude.

They showed the same interest in John that the other Indians had shown. They gave him food, and a necklace of beads. To please them, John put it on. Then one after another gave him necklaces and bracelets of beads. Poor John felt very ridiculous, but he put on all the presents, till his neck and chest and arms were almost covered with beads.

He was glad when he could go to bed. He slept in his clothes and beads, for he was afraid the Indians would be angry if he took off any of their presents. He was very tired of the feasting and attentions of the Indians, and went to sleep wondering if they would ever take him home, or if they meant to keep him always.

Meantime, at Plymouth, John had not been missed till the evening of the day he ran away. When he did not come home to dinner at noon his mother supposed he had stayed after school to dinner at Elder Brewster's. But when he did not come home to supper she went to look for him. From what Love and Bart said, she realized that John had gone to the woods.

After supper, some of the men made up a searching party. They were tired out with a long day's work, and it was hard for them to have to go to the woods. They stayed out several hours, but could find no trace of John. Early in the morning, Squanto and Giles Hopkins set out to look for him.

Squanto's trained eyes soon discovered traces of John. These they followed to the spot where he had met the Indians. Here again Squanto's keen sense made him aware of what had happened. So they went back and told the governor that John had been carried off by the Indians.

"There is but one thing to do," said Governor Bradford; "though we can ill spare them, two or three of our men must go for him. We cannot afford to lose any of our colony."

John's mother longed to go, but she knew that was impossible. The governor headed a party of men, taking Squanto and another Indian with them. John's father was one of the number.

They decided to go by sea, as they could overtake the Indians who had John Billington more quickly by sea than by land. It was fair weather when they set out, but soon a strong wind rose, thunder cracked, lightning flashed, and rain fell heavily. In the distance they saw a water spout coming rapidly toward them, and for a few moments they thought that they were lost. But the water spout passed by, the storm died down, and they landed safely at a place called Cummaquaid.

Here they met Iyanough, a gentle Indian chief, who told them that John was at Nanset. Iyanough gave them food and showed them great kindness. While they were eating, an old, old Indian woman came in. She was bent and wrinkled, and her long scattered hair was snow white. She hobbled up to the white men, and looked into the faces of each. Then she began to cry, and tear her hair.

"What ails the poor woman, Squanto?" asked the governor.

"This old woman once had three sons," replied Squanto. "They killed deer for her and snared wild fowl, and she was very proud of them. Then that wicked Englishman who stole me, stole them, and sold them for slaves in Spain."

"Poor thing," said the governor.

"She has never seen them since," went on

Squanto, "and she wanted to see what white men look like who steal sons away from a mother."

"We must give the poor woman some trinkets, Giles," said the governor.

They gave the woman two earrings, a bracelet, and a copper chain. She took them, and her crying died down to a weak wailing. They all felt relieved when she went away to her wigwam.

The Englishmen stayed all night with Iyanough, and the next day he and two of his Indians accompanied them in the boat to Nanset. Here Iyanough and his men went to see the chief of the Nanset tribe, whose name was Aspinet. Governor Bradford sent Squanto, that he might tell Aspinet that the Englishmen had come for the boy, John Billington.

The white men remained off shore in the shallop. Soon many Indians came down to the water, and begged them, by signs, to land. The Englishmen refused. But as the tide was going out, the shallop was soon aground. Then the Indians swarmed about them. The governor did not trust them wholly, for they belonged to the same tribe as the Indians with whom they had had the first encounter.

Finally the governor allowed two of the Indians to enter the boat. One of these was the Indian whose corn the pioneers had taken in their early

explorations. They promised to pay him, and said they would bring him corn or he could come to the settlement for it. He promised to come. While the Indians stood about the boat, the Englishmen got a few skins by trading trinkets for them.

A little after sunset they saw the chief Aspinet walking toward them, followed by about a hundred Indians. One of these was carrying John Billington, who was still loaded with his glass beads. Half of the Indians splashed through the water, escorting John to the boat. The other half stood on the beach, holding their bows and arrows. The governor told Squanto what to say to Aspinet. Aspinet said he was a friend of the Englishmen, and had been holding the boy as a guest. Then the white men and the Indians made peace. The governor gave a knife to Aspinet, and another to the Indian who had carried John.

Then the Englishmen got their boat off, saying good-by to Iyanough, who went home by land.

When they were well away from shore the governor drew a long breath.

"I felt our danger," he said.

"Aye," replied John Billington's father. "The foolish boy has cost us enough trouble."

All this time no one had spoken to John, except his father. He sat very meekly in the stern of the boat, not saying a word.

"We can be thankful he is saved from death," said the governor.

"But that will not spare him a good whipping when I get him home," said Mr. Billington. "He shall cut the birch rods himself, and see that they are good stout ones."

John had expected no less than this. But he was so glad to be going home that he would have taken a whipping every day for a week without complaint.

CHAPTER XVIII

SQUANTO'S STORIES

SOMETIMES, when the children were resting after dinner, Squanto would tell them stories. They would all sit or lie in the shade, listening attentively to every word he spoke. Mary Allerton, who liked to have her hands busy, usually sewed or knitted. Squanto had shown her how the squaws sewed skins with needles made from fishbones and thread made from the bark of trees.

One day it rained very hard, and the children could not work out of doors. They were sitting in the common house, wishing the weather would clear.

"If this rain keeps on," Bart said, "the land will turn into the sea, and the fish will go swimming among the trees."

"Oh, Squanto," Love said, "will you not repeat the tale you told me once, about a giant who caught a whale?"

"That is the story of Glooskap and the giant Kitpooseagunow," said Squanto. "One time Glooskap was visiting the giant, who said to him, 'Let us go out on the sea in a canoe and catch whales by torchlight.' So Glooskap agreed, for he liked to fish.

“When they came to the beach there were only great rocks to be seen. The giant lifted the very largest of these and put it on his head. At once it turned into a canoe. He picked up another



Squanto would tell them stories

one, which was much smaller, and it turned into a paddle. He also split a long splinter of rock from a ledge, and that turned into a spear. Then Glooskap asked, ‘Who will sit in the stern and paddle, and who will take the spear?’ The giant

said, 'I will take the spear.' So Glooskap sat in the stern and paddled. Soon the canoe passed over a mighty whale. In all the great sea there was not his like. The giant sent his spear like a thunderbolt down into the waters, and as the handle rose again to sight, he snatched it up, and lo, the great fish was caught.

"As the giant whirled the spear on high, the whale, roaring, touched the very clouds. Then he took the whale from the point of his spear, and tossed him into the canoe as if he had been a little trout. And he and Glooskap laughed so loud that they could be heard throughout the whole land. Then they went home, and the giant took a stone knife, and he split the whale in two. One half he threw to Glooskap, and the other half he kept. Each roasted his piece over the fire and ate it."

"Ah, it all comes back to me as you speak," said Love. "But I liked better the story of the Rabbit. Tell that."

"The Rabbit lived with his grandmother," said Squanto. "He was always waiting for better times. And truly, he found it hard when the snow was on the ground in midwinter to provide even for his little household. One day when he was running through the forest he came to the lonely wigwam of the Otter. It was on the bank of a

river, and a smooth road of ice slanted from the door down to the water. The Otter welcomed the Rabbit, and told his housekeeper to get ready to cook. Then the Otter took the hooks on which he put fish when he could catch them, and went out to get food for dinner.

"He stood on the top of the slide, and coasted down into the water and disappeared from sight. Presently he came up again with a big bunch of eels. The housekeeper soon cooked them, and all three dined.

"'Oh,' thought the Rabbit, 'what an easy way of getting a living! Truly these fishing folk have fine fare, and cheap. I surely can do as well as this Otter, for I am so very much cleverer.' The Rabbit felt so confident of himself that he invited the Otter to dine with him in three days. Then he went home.

"The next day he said to his grandmother, 'Let us move our home down by the lake.' So they moved, and he chose a spot like the Otter's, and he made a road of ice down to the water. On the third day the guest came, and the Rabbit told his grandmother to get ready to cook the dinner. 'What am I to cook?' said she. 'Oh, I shall see to that,' he said.

"He took a stick on which to string eels. Then he went to the ice-slide, and tried to slide down as

if he were used to it. But he went first to this side and then to that side, and at last he bobbed into the water. But as all rabbits are bad swimmers and divers, he lost his breath and was nearly drowned. 'What is the matter with him?' asked the Otter. 'Oh,' said the old grandmother, 'he has seen somebody trying to do something, and he is trying to do likewise.'

"'Come out,' cried the Otter, 'and give me your stick.' So poor Rabbit, almost frozen, came out and limped into the lodge. The Otter plunged into the water and soon returned with a load of eels, but he was so disgusted with the Rabbit for trying to do something which was beyond him that he threw down the fish and went off home without staying to dinner.

"Now the Rabbit, though he was disappointed, was not discouraged. He had one great virtue; he never gave up. One day when he was wandering through the wilderness he found a wigwam filled with young women all wearing red headdresses, and no wonder, for they were Woodpeckers. They invited him to stay to dinner, which he did. Then one of the Woodpeckers took a wooden dish, lightly climbed a tree, and tapped here and there on it. As she tapped, she took from the tree the insects which look like rice, and which Woodpeckers so much love.

"This rice they boiled, and all ate of it. Rabbit thought, 'Why should not I do that?' So he invited the Woodpeckers to come and dine with him in two days. On the day appointed they appeared. Rabbit took the head of an eel spear and fastened it to his nose to make a bill. Then he climbed the tree as well as he could, and that was very badly. He tried hard to get rice insects, but did not succeed. He bruised his poor head so with the spear point that it was as red as a woodpecker's. The pretty birds watched him, and wondered what he was trying to do.

"'Oh,' said his grandmother, 'I suppose he is again trying to do something which he has seen some one else do. It is just like him.'

"'Come down,' cried a pretty Woodpecker. 'Give me your dish.' She took it, and ran up the trunk and soon brought down a dinner. They stayed with him and ate it; but they laughed at him all the time for what he had tried to do.

"As soon as Rabbit gave up trying to imitate other people he did very well. He found out that he had a gift for studying magic, and he grew to be a great conjurer, the greatest in the land."

The children liked this story. Then Mary Allerton asked for her favorite.

"Tell us about the Indian who needed water, Squanto," she said.

"That is a good tale," Squanto replied. "I will tell it. Once there were Indians who lived in a little village by the side of a brook. Except in this brook there was not a drop of water anywhere around, unless in a few mud puddles. Now all these Indians were fond of good water, and liked their little brook. After a while they saw that their brook was beginning to run low. They were surprised, for it was autumn, and had been raining. Yet the water of the brook dwindled more and more until there was none left.

"So at last they sent one of their number to go up into the country above them and see why the brook flowed no more as it used to do.

"The man set out, and after he had traveled three days he came to a place where he found the water stopped by a dam. And all the water was held in a pond. So he went to the people who lived there and asked them why they had dammed up the water, since it was of no use to them to keep it all in a pond there. They told him to go ask their chief; for he it was who had ordered them to build the dam.

'When he came to the chief he was surprised; for the chief was a great giant, shaped like a man, but with big yellow eyes, sticking out like pine knots, and a mouth cut from ear to ear, and great broad feet, with long, skinny toes. As soon

as the man could get over his surprise he complained to the chief about the water. At first the giant said nothing; but at last he croaked, and then bellowed:

“Do as you choose,
Do as you choose,
Do as you choose.

“What do I care?
What do I care?
What do I care?

“If you want water,
If you want water,
If you want water,
Go somewhere else.’

“Then the Indian told how the people were suffering for want of water; but that only pleased the giant the more, and he grinned with his wide mouth; and at last, taking an arrow, he bored a little hole through the dam so a tiny stream of water trickled through. Then he bellowed out:

“Up and begone.
Up and begone.
Up and begone.’

“So the man went home. He found a little water in the stream, but in a few days that, too, stopped. Then the Indians determined that they would endure it no longer. So they decided to send the boldest man among them to certain

death. For he must go up the stream and force the enemies to cut the dam, or do some desperate deed that would frighten them into doing what he asked. And he must go armed, and singing his death song.

"Now while they were planning these things, Glooskap came among them, though none of them knew it; for ever he came as the wind comes, no man knew how. And Glooskap was pleased with them, for he loved brave men. And so he suddenly appeared, looking ten feet tall. He wore a hundred red and black feathers in his scalplock, and his face was painted red, with green rings around his eyes, and from his ears hung great clam shells, and at the back of his neck flapped a great eagle, with wings spread. So that Glooskap looked very fierce and handsome. And he told them he would set all their troubles to rights.

"Accordingly, he went up the bed of the stream till he came to the dam. Then he sat down on the bank and called a boy and said, 'Bring me some water.'

"And the boy said, "You can have none except from the chief.'

"Go then to your chief,' said Glooskap, 'and bid him hurry or I shall know the reason why.'

"More than an hour he waited, and then the boy came back with a small cup of very dirty

water. Then Glooskap rose and said, 'I will go to the chief, and I think he will soon give me better water than this.'

"Glooskap came to the monster, and said:

"'Give me to drink, you thing of mud, and that at once, and of the best!'

"'But the monster only croaked and said, 'Get hence to find water where you can.'

"Then Glooskap thrust his spear into the monster, and lo! there gushed out a mighty river; for the monster had drunk up the waters of the brook, and made it into himself. Then Glooskap, rising as high as a pine, seized the chief in his hands, and crumpled in his back with a mighty grip. And lo! it was the bullfrog. Then Glooskap flung him back to live in the water.

"And ever since that the bullfrog's back has crumpled wrinkles in the lower part, showing where he was squeezed in Glooskap's hand. Then Glooskap went back to the village; but he found no one there — not a soul. A strange thing had happened. As the thirsty people thought how good it would be to have water again, they said to one another: 'What would you do if you had all the nice cold, sparkling water in the world?'

"And one said, 'I would live in the soft mud and always be wet and cool.'

"And another said, 'I would be washed up and

down by the rippling waves, living on land, yet ever in the water.'

"And another said, 'I would live in the water, and swim about in it forever.'

"Now there is a certain hour which passes over the world when every wish that is spoken comes true. And it was in this hour that these wishes were spoken.

"Therefore the first became a leech, and the second a crab, washed up and down by the tide, and the third a fish. And so were made the first creatures that ever dwelt in the waters. And the river came rushing down, and they all went down to the sea, to be washed into many lands all over the world."

CHAPTER XIX

THE FLAX WORKERS

ONE morning in July, Bart and Love got up bright and early and hurried through their chores. Squanto had promised to take them to look for early blackberries. But just when they were setting out with their baskets, the governor stopped them.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, children," he said, "but you cannot go berrying to-day. You must work in the flax field."

Though the boys were disappointed they did not show their feelings to the governor. Old and young pioneers were used to giving up their own plans for the good of their settlement. But when they set out for the flax field they looked longingly after Squanto, as he went away with the girls and the smaller boys.

"Do you remember how glad we were in May when the men said they would plant a patch of flax, and one of hemp?" Love said.

"Yes," replied Bart. "I love to see the pretty blue flowers of the flax; though the hemp is ugly."

"So do I," said Love.

"And the women were glad that they would have

the thread to spin. And we were glad because the fields were put in our care."

"John Alden says we have done well," said Bart. "And I liked the work at first. I liked to scatter the seed broadcast."

"When the little plants came up," said Love, "I liked the work of weeding. I liked to walk barefoot among the tender little plants, so that we should not crush them."

"Do you remember," said Bart, "when John Billington stepped into the thistles? Then Priscilla made us wear woolen stockings to save our feet."

"And do you remember how John would forget to step facing the wind? He could not remember that John Alden told him to face the wind, so that if he stepped on any plants the wind would help blow them back into place."

"Who speaks of John Alden?" asked Alden's deep voice. "What, lads, downcast faces? Nay, then, you do men's work, and must have men's courage. There will be other days for berries."

"Aye, and other days for flax, I fear," said Bart.

"True," said John, "first for you, and then for the girls. But the work for to-day is not hard."

They entered the field, and began to follow John's example of pulling up the flax by the roots. They were at least glad that they were working

in the flax field rather than in the hemp field. John showed them how to lay out the roots so that they could dry in the sun. All day long the boys worked in the field, till their backs and arms ached. Several times during the day they turned the roots, so that they could be thoroughly dried by the sun. This work was called pulling and spreading.

The flax was left in the sun all the next day, and the boys went blackberrying. But the day after that John asked them if they did not want to ripple the flax.

"What does rippling mean?" asked Love.

"Oh, I know what that is," Bart said. "Father showed me the ripple comb yesterday. I saw the men carrying it to the field this morning."

Bart led the way to the field, and pointed out the ripple comb to Love.

It was a coarse, wooden comb, with great teeth fastened on a plank. Underneath it was spread a sheet.

"Now watch me," said John Alden. He took a few stalks of flax, drew them through the comb with a quick stroke, and broke off the "bobs" of seed, which fell on the sheet.

"That looks easy," said Love.

He boldly seized some stalks, and drew them through the comb. But he broke them, instead

of freeing the bobs. Bart tried, and he succeeded in neatly breaking off his "bobs," for he was more skillful with his hands than Love.

"Never mind; try again, Love," said John. "Take care; stand so that you won't step on the seeds. We must get Remember and Resolved to pick these up, after a while, and put them away for our next crop."

Love tried again, and this time he succeeded. He began to like the work.

"Do we ripple the hemp, too?" he asked.

"No, only the flax," replied John. "You'll find yourself busy enough rippling the flax, Love."

He was right. After a while Love and Bart grew very tired. John let them change work with Giles Hopkins, who had been tying the stalks into bundles.

This was easy work. They tied the bundles at the seed end, and let them spread out at the other end. Thus the bundles were in the shape of tents. Rippling and tying was not very difficult work, but it was not interesting, so Love and Bart were glad when all the flax and the hemp, too, was tied into bundles.

The men left the bundles to dry a little longer, and then John said it was time to water them.

"We must rot away the leaves and soft fibers," he said, "so as to have the flax quite clean."

"Where are you going to water them?" Bart asked.

"In the brook," John said. "We must have running water. Giles and your father are going to make a steep-pool to-day."

The boys found that a steep-pool was very simply made. Stakes were set in the water in



They tied the bundles at the seed end

the form of a square. Then the bundles of flax and hemp were piled in firmly, each alternate layer at right angles with the one under it. A cover of boards and heavy stones was piled on top.

The bundles were left there for five days, and then the rotting leaves were removed, and the

flax was cleaned. Once more the men and boys dried it and tied it into bundles.

"Now comes the hard work," John told the boys. "We must break all this with the flax brake, separate the fibers, and get out the hard, wood center."

The flax brake was an ugly instrument, consisting chiefly of two rows of sharp slats of wood, an upper row and a lower. These slats were pounded on the flax by means of a heavy mallet.

Bart and Love noticed that only the strongest men were chosen for this work.

"Did you not see that even John Alden's arm grew tired?" asked Love. "And Giles Hopkins could work only the half day."

"It seems to me the flax will never be ready for spinning," Bart said.

"Priscilla told me this morning that it would be a good year before she would be able to make this flax into fine white napkins," replied Love.

"Aye," said John, who overheard them, "and Priscilla's work will take even more skill than ours. But at least to-day will see us a long way advanced."

The next day the boys saw the next step. The flax was opened with great hammers made of wood, ridged like a cook's implement for pounding steak.

Finally John Alden told them that the flax was almost ready to spin.

"We must heckle it now," he said.

To heckle meant to separate the longer and better portions of the flax fiber, called "line," from the shorter and raveled fiber, called "tow." The boys were allowed to use the hand heckle, which was a steel comb with many teeth. It was fun to pull the fibers through the teeth, but Love became alarmed when he saw how often the fiber broke and raveled.

"There is so little line," he said to John Alden, "and so much tow, I am afraid it will not be worth Priscilla's time to spin. There seems so little good fiber left."

"Aye, but you will be struck with wonder to see how much linen thread Priscilla will make from each little bundle of flax," John said.

At last all the flax was ready for the spinners.

Now they were anxious to see Priscilla and the girls do their share of the work. So one bright August day Priscilla took some flax and said she would spin. She laughed when the children all came into the Brewster house to watch her.

"One would think you had never seen spinning before," she said.

"But, Priscilla, the flax you have spun before this was not our own flax, that we planted."

"Aye," Priscilla said; "we have had but little to spin with until now, or else Damaris and Mary would have learned."

Priscilla went over to her small flax wheel.



Priscilla took some flax and said she would spin

She wrapped some flax about the spindle. Then she sat on a stool and began to work the treadle with her foot. So she spun the fiber into a long even thread which, by the movement of the wheel,

was wound on bobbins. There was a wooden cup for water hanging on the wheel, and in this Priscilla moistened her fingers as she held the twisting flax.

When all the bobbins were filled, the thread was wound off in knots and skeins on a reel. A machine called a clock-reel counted the exact number of strands in a knot, — usually forty. It took twenty of these knots to make a skein.

“How many such skeins can you do in a day, Priscilla?” asked Love, after Priscilla had explained her work.

“Not more than two, if I work hard all day.”

“I had rather heckle than spin,” said Love.

“And I had rather spin than bleach,” said Priscilla. “After I have enough skeins of thread I must put them in warm water for four days. I must keep constantly changing the water and wringing out the skeins. Then I wash them in the brook till they leave the water unstained.”

“And then are they ready?”

“No; then I bleach them in ashes and hot water again and again. Then I lay them in clear water for seven days. Then I seethe and rinse and wash and dry, and at last I wind them on the bobbins of the loom. Then I am ready to weave.”

“We have done no weaving all year, have we, Priscilla?” asked Remember. “And yet we need the cloth.”

"Aye, but we had enough linen cloth," Priscilla said; "and we have no woolen yarn to make woolen cloth."

"If the next ship brings us sheep we shall be able to make cloth," Love said.

"Yes, and if it does not, we shall make deerskin clothes," replied Priscilla.

"When I was in the loft of the common house yesterday I saw the great loom," Bart said. "At first I thought it was a fourpost bedstead. Then I saw the yarn beam, and knew it was a loom."

"Mistress Brewster has set out the tape looms," said Priscilla. "We have some half dozen of those, and now Ellen and Damaris and Mary may make shoestrings, and hair laces, and belts for the boys."

"Oh, Priscilla, let me have a tape loom now!" cried Damaris.

"Well, then, look in the chest there," said Priscilla.

Damaris brought out a thin board, cut so that the center was made of narrow slats. These slats had a row of holes running crosswise. The warp threads passed through the holes. Priscilla strung the loom with thread. Then she worked a shuttle containing the woof threads forward and back across the warp.

"There!" said Priscilla. "After this, you little girls may do all the tape weaving."

"Are you going to weave fine linen when you have spun thread, Priscilla?" asked Love.

"Yes, but it will take some time," said Priscilla. "After I have woven the linen web I must rinse and dry and bleach again many times. I must keep the web spread on the grass for weeks. Perhaps this time a year I shall have some fine table linen made."

"I should like a fine linen shirt," said Love.

"And I heard my mother say she wanted some linen bed hangings," John Billington said.

"All in good time," said Priscilla. "The first work I want to do is spin some flax, and weave it with tow thread into coarse fustian cloth to make autumn clothes for you children."

"What color will it be?" asked Mary. "A light brown?"

"Yes."

"I wish it could be blue or green," said Love. "Squanto says he knows how to make dyes and colors from roots."

"Then we shall ask Squanto to teach us to dye," said Priscilla. "But see, the sun is getting low and I must help Mistress Brewster with the supper. Now, tell me, boys and girls, would you rather grow flax, or spin it?"

"Grow it," said the boys.

"Spin it," said the girls.

CHAPTER XX

LOVE AND BART GO HUNTING

IT WAS Saturday morning. Love Brewster had just finished his breakfast of codfish and strawberries. He would have liked some bread or porridge, but for weeks there had been little bread and flour. The twenty acres of corn they had planted when, as the Indians said, the oak leaves were as large as a mouse's ear, were now doing well and so was the barley, although they were doubtful about the pease. All the Pilgrims were looking hopefully forward to the harvest.

Nowadays, most boys of Love's age can play from morning till night on Saturdays. But it was not so with the pioneer children.

Love looked toward his mother, who was washing the pewter plates, and asked, "What task have you set me, Mother?"

"You and Bart are to go where John Alden and Giles Hopkins are hewing the logs, and bring back chips for kindling," Mistress Brewster said. "And after that, you must gather some berries."

Love picked up an Indian basket and went out. Running down Leiden Street came Bart, with

another basket. Bart was whistling softly, for the sun was bright and the air was sweet and he was glad to be alive and in a new country. As soon as the two boys were out of sight of the houses they began to run and shout. They liked the pleasant odor the strong sun brought out of the pine trees. They were glad to see the young berries on the blueberry bushes. They wondered how much of a harvest they would have from the walnut trees. In the woods they began to count the birch and beech and ash trees. They pretended to chase a rabbit that sprang from a bed of fern.

"I wish we could go as far as the pond where John Alden saw the bear fishing," Love said. "He lay on a log with one paw in the water and seemed asleep. But as John looked, out came the paw holding a fish. The bear held the fish down on the log, put his head down close, and ate the fish."

"I wish I had seen that," Bart said.

The boys had walked about a quarter of a mile before they came in sight of the place in the woods where the two young men were working. Dark stumps with white tops in a rapidly growing clearing showed how industrious they had been. When Love and Bart had last gone for chips, John Alden and Giles Hopkins had been sawing

logs into four-foot lengths. Now they saw that the logs had been split into long, thin pieces.

"Whose house are these for, John Alden?" Love asked. "And how have you made them so fine?"

"Do you see this frow?" John explained, pointing to a kind of cleaver that Giles was driving by means of a mallet into one of the logs which had been split in two. "By means of this frow we are making thin-edged clapboards. But the house they are for is somewhere in England."

"But surely," Bart said, "we do not have to send things back so soon to the merchants who lent us the money to come to this new land? We are to give them half, I know; but I thought it was not to be till the end of seven years."

"Nay, but we cannot live here for seven years without getting some more stores from England," John Alden said. "What of the cows we need, and the sheep, and the horses, and the warm woolen garments? In a few months now there will be a ship here. We must make a showing. We shall send back all the clapboards we have the time and the strength to make, also walnut for wainscoting. And, as you know, there lie in the common house two hogsheads full of fine beaver and otter skins."

"I hope those in England will think we have done well to send so much," remarked Giles

Hopkins. "But safe in their comfortable houses, with food and clothes enough, they may not realize what our difficulties have been."

The two young men went on working, while Love and Bart gathered the chips. On the way back, Bart said discontentedly:

"When the governor sends a letter to the merchants by the ship that is coming, I hope he will tell them that the winter has been very hard. The victuals we brought were nearly all spent before we had done planting. Our men go out in the shallop in companies of five or six to fish with a net. You know they are sometimes out five or six days before they catch anything. They will not come back for fear of bringing discouragement to us on shore."

"But we can dig clams for food," Love replied; "and sometimes we can catch rabbits with the purse nets we put into their burrows. Last week the men shot pigeons. We have all the fruit, too—strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries. Plums hang on the trees, three kinds, my father says; and the grapes are on the vines. We have much to be thankful for."

"But I wish I did not have to eat so much fish and lobster all the time," complained Bart. "I wish we had some meat. How I should like some venison!"

"So should I," Love said; "but we should be grateful for what we have. The corn grows fast, and soon we can have meal. But I, too, wish we could have some venison."

Light footsteps sounded behind them, and they turned to see Squanto. He had taken off the long leather trousers he wore in winter, and had on only a short under garment and a cloak made of deerskin. But he still wore his necklace of bears' claws and the feathers in his hair.

"Do my little brothers want venison?" Squanto asked.

"Aye, that we do," answered Bart. "Did you bring us some, Squanto?"

"I have no venison," Squanto said; "but I saw a deer to-day, and I shall try to take him."

Love and Bart knew that Squanto had no gun, and Bart said, "Will you shoot the deer with arrows?"

Again Squanto shook his head. "Ask the good governor," he said, "if you may come with me. Then you shall see how I take the deer."

Bart and Love looked at each other uncertainly. They knew that there were more chips to be carried to their homes and still other tasks before them.

"Duty comes first," sighed Love.

"But perhaps to get the venison is duty," Bart

said. "The sick would be helped by venison broth. Squanto could carry back a whole deer, but if he were to get two deer he could not carry them both."

Love's eyes brightened. "Let us ask the governor and our fathers if we may go. Wait for us, Squanto."

The boys ran quickly to the common house. They entered quietly. Three or four sick men lay on beds. The governor and their fathers were there, as well as Captain Miles Standish and Edward Winslow. The governor went on with what he was saying when the boys entered, and for a few minutes no one paid them any attention.

At last the governor asked the two lads what they wanted, and Bart, his voice shaking with excitement, made the request.

"What say you, Elder Brewster and Mr. Allerton?" inquired the governor. "The lads would be safe enough with Squanto."

"To-morrow is the Sabbath," Elder Brewster said, "and the expedition may take more than one day."

"It should not take more than a day to go and come," said Bart eagerly.

"Father, if we are delayed we promise to spend the day as you would wish," Love said. "We

shall not hunt the deer on the Sabbath, and we shall try to remember some of the good sermons we have heard."

The governor's pleasant face was overcast. For himself, he did not mind the hardships of their lives, for, like all the other Pilgrims, he expected with patience to succeed in the hard thing he had undertaken. No price would be too high to pay to build a new nation, guided by courage, honesty, faith, and hard work. But he often wished the children need not so early take upon themselves the tasks of men. He looked down on the two eager boys, remembering how well they had worked, and how obedient they had been, and how scant their pleasures were.

"If the Mistress Brewster is willing—" he began.

"Tell your mother, Love," Elder Brewster said, "that you have my consent to go."

"You may go also," said Mr. Allerton to Bart. His face was sad, for Bart had no mother from whom he could ask consent. Mrs. Allerton was one of the many who had died during the winter.

Then the boys, with a few words of thanks, withdrew. Once outside, their faces broadened with smiles.

"My mother will consent, since our fathers do," cried Love joyfully.

Mistress Brewster may have feared the dangers of the woods for her son, remembering the adventure of John Billington. But she said he could go, and she gave him some fish cakes and a little cake of maple sugar to carry with him. She also cautioned him to say his prayers faithfully.

With springing footsteps the boys set out, following Squanto and walking single file as the Indians do. They went for a long way through the woods near Plymouth, where to this day deer may be found. Squanto had taught them a good deal about the woods, and as a rule they both looked where they were going. But Love was so anxious to keep up with Bart and Squanto that in hurrying around a fallen tree he did not watch where he set his feet. The next moment he found himself hanging in the air by one leg.

Squanto released him, saying, "Surely you should have seen the trap."

He then reset the trap, which was a young sapling bowed over and fastened with a rope which had a strong noose. A tree had been cut down so that the animal to be trapped should browse on its leaves. A few acorns were also scattered under the bowed sapling.

"This should deceive a deer or a bear but not a boy," exclaimed Love, feeling much ashamed of himself.

"If we had found a deer in this trap," said Bart, "then we would not have had the whole day for a holiday with you, Squanto."

Squanto made no reply, but he looked pleased. He valued very much the friendship of the Pilgrims, and was always faithful to them.

They went on without further adventure till they came to a large pond. In England it would have been called a lake. Beside the pond was Squanto's canoe. Its frame was a long narrow oval of flexible poles composing the gunwales. Strong semicircular withes were set in crosswise. The sides were of birch bark, and the flooring of spruce splints. All the parts were fastened together with rootlets and sinews and thongs of leather or cord made of hemp. All the knots and overlapping pieces were daubed with pitch to prevent leaks. The canoe would hold six.

Squanto and the boys climbed into the canoe and paddled across the pond.

"Have you a driving pen for the deer on this side of the pond?" Love asked.

Squanto nodded. Then he pointed to the deer tracks in the sand, and following them, the boys saw where the deer had foraged for young vegetation. The tracks went inland.

"They are going to the north of my driving pen," Squanto said, "and we must go this way."

He bore to the left. The wind, coming from the east, gave the deer no clue. Love and Bart followed as silently as they could. Squanto picked up a large stone and beat it against a tree. The boys looked at him inquiringly.

"Now the deer will go away from this sound," Squanto said. The boys could hear a slight crackling of twigs.

"There is more than one deer," Squanto said, listening intently.

He then quickened his pace, and soon Love and Bart realized that he intended to get ahead of the deer. Squanto motioned to the boys to stay where they were, while he hurried forward. Soon they heard a low growling.

"Squanto is pretending to be a wolf to frighten them," Bart whispered.

They could hear the deer bounding forward.

"I'm going," cried Bart. "Come, Love."

They went forward quickly. Then they heard Squanto shouting. Knowing now that they need no longer fear making a noise, they ran through the underbrush. For a moment they did not understand what had happened. Squanto was waving his bow and arrows and two bewildered deer were running here and there. Then the boys saw a wedge-shaped fence of brush. Squanto called to them to help him guard it, and as they

came up and spread out beside him, jumping and shouting, the deer ran down the narrow end of the wedge and through the opening it offered. They were then in an inclosure that gave them no outlet. Squanto ran forward, shooting his arrows. Bart and Love turned away. They did not like to see the deer killed, although they knew that food was necessary.

In a few minutes the unequal fight was over. The deer were dead, their large eyes glazed, blood spreading where the arrows had struck. Squanto thought he had done good hunting to kill two animals so quickly. He did not notice that the two boys looked rather pale. To the Indian the occasion was one for rejoicing. He came over to where they were standing and said, with a grunt of satisfaction:

"Now there is meat, and to-night we'll feast."

Bart, who felt very hungry after their long march, asked Squanto:

"Are we going to cook some of the meat now?"

Squanto shook his head in reply, and Love said:

"There is no time if we are to obey my mother and come back as quickly as we can."

Squanto looked at the boys for a moment. Then slowly he took off the leather girdle around his waist, opened it, and shook out into his left hand about a tablespoonful of corn meal.

The eyes of the two boys brightened. This was the food the Indians called "nokake." It was made of corn parched in hot ashes. The ashes were sifted from it, and it was then ground fine. It had to be eaten with water or snow; otherwise whoever tried to swallow it ran the risk of choking. The two boys knew that the Indians, when they went hunting, would travel three or four days on such food, taking three teaspoonsful three times a day.

Squanto gave each boy about a spoonful and took what was left for himself.

"It is all I have," he said. "Now we will drink at the spring near by, and then we must prepare the deer for travel."

They walked a hundred yards or so to where the spring of which Squanto had spoken trickled down a rocky ledge.

"It is fortunate," Love said, "that in this land there are so many springs. We need never die here of thirst."

The Pilgrims always counted their blessings and rarely mourned their misfortunes. They were as grateful for good things as they were brave in meeting troubles.

Squanto led the way back to the deer. The buck weighed perhaps two hundred pounds and the doe a hundred and twenty-five. But after

Squanto dressed them the doe weighed less than a hundred and the buck about a hundred and sixty pounds. Squanto tied the front legs of the doe together with withes, and the hind legs in the same way. Then he cut a stout stick and slid it between the animal's firmly bound feet. He swung the body of the buck upon his back, the legs around his neck, and set off, motioning to the boys that they were to carry the doe.

Bart and Love had never before been given such a task. Awkwardly they took hold of the ends of the stick, lifting the deer between them. It was not only a heavy weight for them to carry, but it was difficult to handle, for the body kept touching the ground and the stick kept swinging as they walked.

Finally the two boys hoisted the stick up on their shoulders and kept on as best they could. Now and then, to rest their tired shoulders, they dragged the deer a little way. Squanto did not once look around, but occasionally he halted till they had come up to him.

Bart and Love were growing very weary. It was now mid-afternoon, but the sun was still very hot, and although they stopped now and then to drink at a spring, they felt constantly as thirsty as they were tired. It seemed they would never come within sight of the pond. At last, however,

they saw its blue waters, and very thankful they were!

Squanto placed the two deer in the canoe and got in himself. Then the boys scrambled in after him and helped him paddle to the other side. They would have been glad to rest a little longer, but Squanto gave them no chance. So they took up the doe again.

Their shoulders were sore, and they kept shifting the burden from one side to the other. Their legs trembled under them and they stumbled, but they made no complaint. Love bit his lips hard to keep the tears back, and Bart whistled, though his breath was short.

At last Squanto stopped and listened. The boys let their burden drop and threw themselves down on the ground.

In a few moments Squanto squatted beside them. They wondered, but asked no questions. They were only too thankful that now they could rest.

Then presently they heard footsteps and voices and soon Elder Brewster and Mr. Allerton appeared. The boys rose respectfully to meet their fathers. As the men saw the two deer their eyes brightened.

"You have done well," Elder Brewster said.
"Our sick will be glad of the broth we can make

from this good meat. Squanto is a good hunter and a good guide."

The boys felt that they had been highly praised.

"We shall carry the venison," Mr. Allerton said.

"Run, now, Love," Elder Brewster said, "for your mother and Bart's sisters have been very anxious about you. Mark this down as a good day, and be thankful you have been of such use to the colony."

The boys hurried on, their heads up, their weariness gone. For they knew that Elder Brewster and Mr. Allerton thought that they had that day done the work of men.



CHAPTER XXI

HARVEST TIME

EVERY day the little pioneers worked in the fields. It was soon plain that the wheat and pease which the Pilgrims had brought from England were not going to grow. So all their hopes were centered on the corn.

The children thought the fields looked very pretty, the great stalks grew so tall, the leaves were so green, and the corn silk so soft.

"It is so tall that 't is a good thing our Indians are friendly," Giles Hopkins said. "See what a good hiding place it would make for enemies. Indians could crawl from row to row of stalks, and be upon us with bows and arrows before we could move."

"It might be our death, but it is our life," John Alden replied.

The children knew what he meant. The pioneers had been so weak and sick after their hard winter that they could never have cleared the fields to plant. Without these cornfields which the dead Indians had left for them, the white men would have died.

"Could we not eat fish and clams?" asked Love.

"Nay," said John, "the single diet with no variety would be weakening. We could not weather another winter without the corn."

Under Squanto's direction the pioneers had planted the corn just as Indians did. They fertilized the ground with dead fish, planted a number of kernels in each little hill, and set out also pumpkins and beans. The children liked to see the pumpkin vines running among the little hills.

The day they first picked corn the children were up bright and early, ready to follow the men to the fields. Squanto led the way, proud of being teacher to the pioneers. They picked great pails and baskets full. Some of it they stored in the loft of the common house, and some they piled in a corner downstairs, ready for use.

The children thought they could have some corn bread for supper, but John Alden told them they were too impatient.

"We must make meal first, and that takes time," he said. "The corn must dry before we can shell it. But Squanto has promised to show us how to cook some corn on the ear."

About an hour before noon Squanto said he was ready to cook. He built a big bonfire on the edge of the field. When he had plenty of hot ashes he picked out a great many long ears of

corn. He wrapped them in green corn leaves and put them under the ashes.

Then he went back and picked more corn, while some of the children kept up the fire. It seemed



The children ate their first roasting ears

a long time before the corn was done. But at last it was ready, and at dinner that day the children ate their first roasting ears.

The next day Squanto showed Priscilla how to boil corn. They built a fire on the hearth and

Priscilla and Mistress Brewster hung over it the great ship's kettle, which weighed forty pounds and held fifteen gallons. They half filled it with water, and then they put in many ears of corn, wrapped in leaves.

When she thought the corn was done, Priscilla had to call John Alden to take the kettle off the fire for her. He poured away the yellowish water, and Priscilla picked up an ear of corn, and began to tear off the leaves. But the leaves retained a good deal of boiling water and poor Priscilla scalded her fingers. She had no fork to help her clear the corn; she used a napkin, a knife, and a spoon.

Priscilla put a little flaxseed oil on her fingers, and then she said, "My scalded fingers are a help to my brain. 'T would be just as well to clear the corn before 't is cooked. See how the silk clings to the hot kernels."

So the next time Priscilla boiled corn she made the ears perfectly clean first.

Though the children had to eat their roasted and boiled corn without butter, it seemed to them delicious.

"Do you know how the horses in England act in the springtime?" said Bart to Love. "My father has often told me how they strain at their collars to get a nibble of the fresh grass. I am

sure they are no gladder than we are to have this fresh food."

"In truth, I grow very tired of fish and clams," Love said. "It seemed good to eat the first wild berries and wild cherries, and now the corn."

"But I wish it were time to make the meal," Bart said. "Squanto says he will teach us how to make many good dishes."

It was a good many days, however, before any meal was ready. The pioneers had built a low crib outdoors for some of the corn, so that it could receive plenty of light and air. The children examined the corn almost every day. But it was a month after it had been picked before Squanto pronounced it ready for use.

"Now, children," said John Alden, one morning, "Squanto says the corn is ready for you to shell."

The children began to run to the crib.

"Not so fast," cautioned John. "What are you going to shell it with?"

"With our hands, to be sure," said Bart.

"Well, you may try," said John, laughing, "but you'll soon stop."

"Then I'll take my knife," said Bart.

"No," John said; "go to the common house and bring the iron shovels, and go to the women and ask them for what frying pans they can spare."

When they were all seated in the corncrib

John Alden showed them how to scrape off the kernels with the edge of a frying pan.

"You see," he explained, "a knife is not large enough, nor could you hold it firmly enough."

This was fun, the children thought. The girls scraped the corn into their laps, and then shook the kernels into a tub. The boys laid towels across their knees to catch the kernels. Soon Bart fastened his frying pan over the tub, and then drew his ear across the sharp edge.

"Well done," said John; "that drops the kernels into the tub without troubling you to catch them. So we save time."

Soon all the children were skillfully at work. John Alden was about to leave them, when he noticed that John Billington was throwing away his corncobs.

"Nay, John," he said, "why do you not think? Do not waste the cobs."

"I did not think they could be of use," said John.

"Remember, why are you saving yours?" asked John Alden.

"I had thought that little Samuel and Peregrine could use them to build houses of," replied Remember.

"A kind thought," said John; "and when the babies are done with them we shall use them as

light wood for the fires. They will make a fine blaze, I warrant you."

The children did not have any meal that day. They had to wait till Squanto had steeped and parboiled the kernels in hot water for twelve hours.

But the next day they helped him make the meal. Squanto took them and Priscilla to one of the fields. The children carried some pails, two rather closely woven baskets, and a linen sheet. Squanto led them to a corner of the field in which were two hollowed stones. Into these he put some kernels. Then he pounded the corn with a big stone. Bart and Love helped him, and soon the kernels began to break up into coarse meal.

When the hollows were full of meal, Squanto put it in the closely woven baskets. Priscilla and Mary sifted it over the sheet.

"Just see the little golden showers of meal!" cried Love.

"Aye, it is our gold," said Priscilla, "all the gold we shall need." And, indeed, in after years the settlers used corn as if it were truly gold or silver, paying their taxes with it.

The boys took turns at pounding the kernels, and the girls took turns at sifting. By and by Mistress Brewster and Mistress Hopkins came out to help. Then Squanto took the children to the

woods, and showed them how to make what was called a "sweep and mortar mill."

He took them to a stump about three feet high, which he had hollowed out by burning. This served as the mortar. Then he took a heavy



Priscilla and Mary sifted the meal over the sheet

block of wood, shaped like the inside of the hollowed tree. To one side of this block John Alden had fitted a handle.

Squanto fastened this block to the top of a young tree, which was bent over. This tree

acted as a kind of spring which would pull the block up after it had been pounded down on the corn.

The children were delighted with their mill. Squanto began to work it, and it made a very loud clapping noise. Priscilla came running, with her fingers over her ears.

"Such a to-do!" she cried. "I am sure you could hear it half a mile away."

"'T will be a good signal to use when more people come, and we build our houses farther apart," Love said.

And, indeed, he proved a true prophet; for in later years that is just how the lonely wives of settlers communicated. When they could not go to see one another, they sent messages by pounding on their mortars.

Squanto called the coarse meal he made from this mill "samp." The settlers adopted all Squanto's Indian terms for the food he showed them how to make of corn, such as samp, hominy, pone, supawn, and succotash.

The first thing that Squanto taught them to make was samp porridge. He boiled the samp with water and salt. Thus the children ate it with a little butter put on it. The next day Squanto cooked it mixed with dried huckleberries. Then Priscilla made what she called "hasty

pudding." She boiled corn meal and sugar together for a long time. Hasty pudding was the name they had given in England to pudding of wheat flour and milk. The children did not think it was a very good name for Priscilla's pudding, especially when it took so long to cook.

Love liked succotash very much. As Squanto cooked it, it was merely corn boiled like beans. But to-day we use the word for a dish made of corn and beans boiled together.

Squanto showed them one way of using corn which afterwards became very common among the settlers. He parched the kernels in hot ashes, and then beat them into powder. This was called "nocake." It was considered very nourishing. Whenever, in later years, the pioneers went on a journey, they used to carry a bag of nocake with them. They ate it with snow in winter and with water in summer.

The children were glad that they were to have so many different kinds of food made from corn. Squanto's greatest surprise came last. The children had noticed that he used one special corner of the crib for some rather small ears of corn. He would never let them try to make meal of this kind of corn. One evening in autumn, when the nights were beginning to be a little cool, Squanto built a fire on the common-house

hearth. Then he shelled some of the small ears of corn. He got a deep skillet from Mistress Brewster, and, putting some kernels in it, he held the whole over the fire.

"You'll burn the corn," said Remember; "for you have not put water in the skillet."

Squanto made no answer, but began to move the skillet quickly back and forth. Presently the children heard a "pop-pop!"

"You are breaking Mistress Brewster's skillet!" cried Remember.

"Oh, oh!" shrieked Damaris. "The corn is turning into flour!"

The corn kept popping up and turning into big white kernels. Squanto moved the skillet so skillfully that hardly any of it fell into the fire.

He poured this new white food into a wooden dish and the children began to eat their first pop corn. How splendid they thought it, especially when Priscilla poured a little melted maple sugar over it.

"Oh, I would rather live here than in England," cried Love; "for they have no corn there."

"So would I," said all the other children.

CHAPTER XXII

THE GREAT EVENT OF THE YEAR

THE three men in the Plymouth colony whom the children respected most were Governor William Bradford, Elder William Brewster, and Captain Miles Standish.

Miles Standish worked in the fields like the other men, but he was born to be a soldier. When the spring and summer work had been well under way, and the men were growing daily stronger, through being in the mild, open air, Miles Standish began to think of soldier work.

"Here you are all becoming farmers," he said: "as if our lives would always be peaceful."

"And so, for a time, they will be," said the governor; "for we have our treaty with Massasoit."

"Aye, for a time," said Standish; "but the day will come when other tribes will rise against us. And I ask now that you give me men to drill every day."

It was not possible for the men to drill every day, but they met often enough to satisfy Miles Standish. He was a stern taskmaster, and he made the men march and countermarch, and

shoulder arms and present arms, and repel mimic attacks, day after day. Then he formed a company of the boys, which he let Giles Hopkins drill. The boys were not allowed to carry muskets, but they drilled with sticks. Captain



The boys drilled with sticks

Standish was much pleased with them. He told Giles to teach Love and Bart and John Billington how to sound the trumpet, and he taught Wrestling to beat the drum.

One day, when the drilling was just over and Love and Bart had gone into the woods to look

for nuts, Squanto suddenly stood before them. As usual, he was walking noiselessly. Love and Bart had trained their ears so that they could hear very slight sounds, especially Love. But Squanto could always approach them unheard.

"Well met, Squanto," shouted Love. "Come, then, and help us get nuts."

"I cannot," said Squanto. "I have news for the white captain."

He hurried past them, and they followed him through the woods, into Leiden Street, and up to the captain's house. Captain Standish was on the hill where the fort was to be.

He was pacing up and down, measuring again the length of the ground on which he intended the fort to stand. In his mind's eye he could already see that sturdy house, twice as tall as any of the others, with cannon securely mounted, and a stockade built around it. He was deep in thought when Squanto hailed him.

"I have news for my white brother."

"What news?" asked Captain Standish.

"One of Massasoit's warriors brought us news of a strange ship," said Squanto.

"A ship!" cried the captain.

"The Indian had run fifty miles," said Squanto.

"A ship!" repeated the captain. His face lighted with joy. "And was it an English ship?"

"I know not," replied Squanto. "The Indian told me it seemed not like your ship the *Mayflower*. It seemed to him much like the ship of the French traders whom my tribe killed because white men carried my brothers into slavery."

"French!" exclaimed the captain, and his face grew grave.

Bart and Love knew that the French were enemies of England, and that a French ship might destroy the English settlement.

"Go, Love; go, Bart," the captain ordered. "Call the men together from the fields. Call them to the common house."

The boys ran as fast as they could, shouting as they went.

Meanwhile Captain Standish went to the big gun which stood under a shelter, and fired it, thinking that the men would take the sound as a danger signal.

Soon they came running from the fields and the woods. They ran into the common house and got out their armor and swords, and the big muskets. The women ran out of the houses and stood in frightened groups in the street. Bart and Love got the trumpets, and John Billington the drum.

"Good!" said Captain Miles Standish. "Even our children are ready to fight!"

They all marched up the hill, the women and girls last. Some of the men carried two muskets.

"I wish I could have a musket," whispered Love.

"And I," said Bart. "I have seen the men load so many times that I know I could do it."

"The muskets are very tall," Love said. "I doubt if I could reach to the barrel to ram down the charge."

"But these muskets are already loaded," Bart said. "Perhaps we shall have a chance to fire!"

After a long time they saw the ship coming slowly into the harbor. It seemed very large and beautiful to the children. They stood and watched it coming nearer and nearer. No one said a word. The men stood in front, muskets in hand, all ready to light the powder. The women stood behind, their faces white and set. There were tears in Priscilla's eyes, for though she lived with the English settlers she could not help remembering that she was of French birth.

The ship came nearer and nearer. The boys thought every minute that Captain Standish would give the order to fire. Suddenly they saw a movement on the ship near the mainmast. Slowly a flag was run up. It fluttered for a moment, and then rolled itself out on the breeze. It was the English flag!

How the men cheered and the children laughed! Mistress Brewster wept in Priscilla's arms, for the ship meant news from home. Perhaps she would hear from her two daughters and her son in England.

Every one ran down the hill. Bart and Love blew on the trumpets, and John Billington sounded the drum with all his strength.

"What ship can it be?" said the governor. "It certainly is not the *Mayflower*. It is no ship I ever saw before."

Soon some sailors on the ship lowered a pinnace, and several men got in it and rowed ashore. When they came near the land the governor turned to Elder Brewster.

"It is Mr. Cushman," he said.

Mr. Cushman had been an agent of the pioneers in the old days in England, and was a good friend to all of them.

The governor turned back to watch the boat. There were some twenty young men in it, and one boy about fourteen years old.

"Ah, 't is Mr. Cushman's son, Thomas," said Elder Brewster, looking at the boy; "a strong lad."

When the sailors who were rowing beached the boat, Mr. Cushman jumped out, and all the young men after him. Love and Bart noticed

with disapproval that they talked and laughed noisily among themselves.

Mr. Cushman shook hands warmly with the governor. "You did not expect me," he said; "I ventured my ship *Fortune* to see how you have fared. I see there is a good half of you left alive."

"We thank God for that mercy," said the governor.

"Aye," returned Mr. Cushman; "and here you see the new settlers I have brought you to take the place of those you have lost."

The governor looked gravely at the newcomers. They stopped talking, and bowed politely to him.

"I trust they will find themselves willing and able to share in hard work with us," said Governor Bradford.

"Nay, then, worshipful governor," spoke up one young man; "we are not such grave Pilgrims as we shall be when we are older. But we are willing to work under the laws of the colony. What do you say, lads?"

Most of the young men replied, "Aye, that we are."

The governor felt somewhat satisfied. Mr. Cushman ordered the sailors to row back to the *Fortune* for the rest of the men and such stores as they had. Then the governor led the way to the common house.

"They are a thoughtless lot of youths," said Mr. Cushman, dropping his voice. "I doubt not you will have to discipline them somewhat. They are too improvident. They have wasted the food on ship shamefully."

"I hope they have brought many stores with them," said the governor, anxiously. "You know we are but poorly provided. We have been disappointed in some of our crops."

"We must make the best of it," said Mr. Cushman. "I doubt if they have much more than the clothes they stand up in. We shall see, however."

After the young men had reached the common house they seemed quite at home. They talked freely to the men and women, finding out that they had common friends in England.

"But surely you have brought us some word from England?" said Mistress Brewster.

"Aye, that we have," answered the one who had spoken to the governor on the shore; "we have a little bag full of letters, — and we have something else that will please you, Mistress Brewster."

Just then the sailors came in, carrying a few chests and bundles, which they set on the floor. Behind them walked the remaining passengers of the *Fortune*. When she looked at them,

Mistress Brewster gave a little cry, for there among them stood her son, Jonathan. How glad



Mistress Brewster gave a little cry, for there stood her son, Jonathan she was to see him! If she had known that in less than two years her daughters would reach her, she would have been still happier.

Meanwhile, Captain Miles Standish had been looking frowningly at the stores.

"Is this all you have?" he asked. "I hope those chests hold armor."

"Very little," replied Jonathan Brewster; "we may have half a dozen swords and muskets between us."

"Humph!" said Captain Standish; "thirty-five of you, and no more weapons than that! 'Tis well we are not ill provided here with muskets and swords. To-morrow I must make a drill company of you."

"But surely you have bedding, and pots and pans?" inquired Mistress Brewster anxiously.

"Nay, dame," said the young man who had first spoken. "If our welcome depends on what we bring, we are like to get a poor welcome."

"Indeed, you are heartily welcome," said Mistress Brewster.

"We should have come better provided," went on the young man. "But all we bring, I fear, are some Burching-Lane suits."

"Now that is good news!" cried Mistress Hopkins. "A good Burching-Lane suit is very lasting. The cloth wears wonderfully well."

"'Tis almost as good as if you had brought sheep over," said Giles Hopkins. "With these suits, and the doublets we shall make of deerskin, we shall last till the next ship comes."

The young men opened the chests and showed

what they had brought. Meanwhile the bag of letters had been distributed, and news from home was being read with tears and smiles.

"Your sisters Patience and Fear will come in the next ship," said Mistress Brewster to Love and Wrestling.

It was an evening of great excitement. The governor arranged to send a cargo back on board the ship *Fortune*. It was to consist of beaver and otter skins which they had bought from the Indians, and clapboards which they had cut and made during the spring and summer. Plans were talked over, and questions asked. The pioneers wanted to hear all that had been happening in the great world since they had left it.

"The good ship *Fortune* has been our good fortune," said Elder Brewster that night when they were all about to part to go to bed. "Even if you had brought nothing with you, you would have been heartily welcome, if only for the sight of your English faces."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE THANKSGIVING

THE month of November was one of the busiest and happiest the Pilgrims had ever known. To begin with, there were all the strong newcomers to help build their houses, and break fresh ground for planting. Then the Indians were constant in their friendliness. And above all, their means of getting a livelihood seemed continually increasing.

The women began to feel as if they were really housekeeping. For one thing, they had done a great deal of preserving. All the children had helped to pick berries and stone plums. They had seen the fruit generously mixed with maple sugar or honey, and put in great stone jars.

Then Priscilla had spun the coarse linen fustian, and they had watched her make experiments in dyeing it, under Squanto's direction. They had used the bark of red oak and hickory for the cloth. The result was beautiful shades of brown and yellow. From the bark of the sassafras they got orange dye. But Mistress Brewster said the yellow and orange were too gay, so Priscilla had to make the linen brown. Walnut and maple

bark dyed brown, the wild indigo plant blue, and scrub oak mixed with red maple bark made black.

Another employment the women found was making soft soap. All through the winter they



They watched Priscilla make experiments in dyeing the linen

had kept the refuse grease from the cooking of venison and fish. They had also saved the wood ashes from the great fireplaces. Then, during the spring, John Alden had made them half a dozen strong barrels.

First, came the making of lye. The women took each barrel, filled it with ashes, and then added water. The barrels were so set and inclosed that each had an outlet. Through this the mixture, or lye, flowed into a large tub or kettle. If this lye was not strong enough, it was poured over fresh ashes.

The lye and grease were then boiled together in the large kettle. It took six bushels of ashes and twenty-four pounds of grease to make a barrel of soft soap. The soap looked like clear jelly. Remember said he could hardly believe it would clean things, when he thought of the grease and ashes of which it was made.

The children declared that there was more soap made than they could ever use in a year. But Priscilla said that by the next year they would have used all the soap in the great washings. Priscilla also said that when the next spring came she would make candles out of bear's grease. She wanted a light that was steadier than that which the pine knots gave. Mistress Brewster tried using what was afterwards called a "Betty lamp." She took a little pewter dish about two inches deep and three inches wide, which had a projecting spout, or nose. She filled it with fish oil and put in it a coarse linen wick, with one end lying out on the spout. This she lighted. But the flame

was dull and smoking, and the children preferred the pine knots.

While all this household work was going on, the men were busy in the fields, or else building. Captain Standish was impatient to have his fort completed, so the men were cutting great logs for that. They were also going to make a palisade which should inclose the hill and the whole street. By this time there were eleven houses altogether, seven for the use of the settlers and four for the use of the plantation. Besides, other houses had been begun.

The Pilgrim fathers were to pass through another terrible winter. But, fortunately, they did not know this. They only felt the peace and plenty about them. For this reason they decided to have a day of thanksgiving. It was to consist of services in the church, and a great feast afterwards.

On the Thursday which the governor chose, at about nine o'clock, Giles Hopkins beat upon the drum. Then, just as if it were Sunday, the pioneers formed in a procession. First went Giles, beating the drum. After him the company walked three abreast; the first three were the governor, with Elder Brewster on his right and Captain Standish on his left. All three wore cloaks, and the captain carried also his side arms

and cane. Some of the children walked with their parents. Love and Bart and John Billington walked side by side.

They went into the common house and took their seats quietly on the benches. The older persons had the front seats, the men on one side and the women and girls on the other. The boys sat together at the back, with John Alden on a bench near them. These early little pioneers were always good in church.

Elder Brewster stood in front of them all, with a roughly made pulpit at his side. On this pulpit was an hourglass, which John Alden turned at the end of each hour. When all were seated, the elder made a prayer. It was nearly an hour long, but the children were used to long prayers. Then he gave out a hymn, line by line. The singing of the Pilgrims was not very good, and they had no pitch pipe to set the key. After the singing, which lasted about half an hour, Elder Brewster preached a sermon an hour and a half in length. He recounted all the mercies that had been shown the Pilgrims, and he dwelt on the gratitude they should feel.

By the time the services were over it was almost noon. The children were hungry, but they knew it would be some time before dinner could be ready.

As it was a mild day, the women had decided to

set tables in the open air. The men helped carry the trestles and boards out, while the children carried table linen. The women began to hang pots over the fireplaces, and to get out meal and flour.

Presently Love shouted to Bart: "Look! Look in the woods, Bart!"

Coming out of the woods was a company of twenty of Massasoit's Indians. They brought five deer with them, ready dressed to cook, and a birch basket full of oysters.

The women were glad to see the venison, though it meant more work for them. Some of the men talked to the Indians by signs or with a few words, while the others worked, for the pioneers never wasted a minute. If they were not in the fields, or cutting wood, they were working with their jackknives. Perhaps they would make ax helves, or cut leather into strips for door hinges, or they would mend tools.

For nearly two hours the women and girls and boys worked hard at cooking. Then they spread the tables for a feast, the like of which the children had never seen. There was a venison stew, and oysters cooked in clamshells. There were codfish balls, and dried herring. There were wild turkeys stuffed with sweets, and roasted ducks and quails. There was corn-meal pudding, and samp porridge, and pudding with wild plums in it.

There was cake sweetened with honey, and cake sweetened with maple sugar. There were preserved cherries and plums and huckleberries and strawberries and raspberries. The children wondered if the trestles would bear it all.

The pioneers had only two vegetables—wild turnips and pumpkins. They had not yet planted what we call “Irish” potatoes, and sweet potatoes were grown only by the colonists in the South. The pioneers liked the turnips, but not the pumpkins. Squanto had planted those pumpkins with the corn, and had shown them how to make pumpkin stew and pumpkin bread. This bread was made of pumpkin mixed with corn meal. Squanto said the pumpkins dried early and would be very useful. But it was a great many years before the colonists appreciated the pumpkin as a food. They used the empty shells to hold seed and grain, and the children made jack-o’-lanterns of them, just as we do to-day.

Mary and Damaris had prepared a feast for their dolls. These battered creatures were set up to a stool. Each of the children had in her lap a baby doll, made of a corncob. On the table-stool was a teaset made of acorn cups and oyster shells. The dolls’ food was pumpkin rind. The boys helped them get the things ready. Bart made a fairy cradle out of leaves for each of the

corncob babies, which were very pretty but a little too small.

The dinner lasted a long time. The children wanted to eat a little of everything, but found they had to make a choice. They did not talk at table, for it was the Pilgrim custom that



Mary and Damaris prepared a feast for their dolls

children should not speak at meals unless spoken to. But they listened to what was said, and made little signs to each other. The Indians ate with the pioneers, but they did not talk, except Squanto.

After dinner Elder Brewster said a long grace,

and then all rose, and the first Thanksgiving dinner was over.

The children did not feel like playing games. They asked Mistress Brewster if she would not let the other women clear away the remains of the feast, while she told them a story.

So they all sat about her and she asked:

"Shall it be a story of England, of home?"

"But this is home, mother," Love said.

"In truth, it is. It must always be so to you children."

"Then tell us a story of New England, mother," Love said.

Mistress Brewster looked at the eager faces, and smiled.

"This is a story of what New England will be in a hundred years," she said. And she pictured a time when New England would be full of mills and farms and towns and cities. She told them that they would some day have rows of houses full of all necessary furniture. She said that they would have barns and houses and cows and sheep and machinery. She pictured the great sailing ships which would carry trade to them from England and France.

The children listened, wide-eyed. Even the youngest knew that the great fortune of New England depended on their industry and loyalty.

Love and Bart were some day to grow up to be leaders in the community, but even they did not know how great America was to become. They did not guess, on that first Thanksgiving day, that their work as little pioneers would make life easier for the millions of children who would live in the country which they had helped to change from a wilderness to a nation.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

IT IS important for the children to realize as accurately as possible the New England setting of these stories. To this end they should be shown pictures of Cape Cod, and of the Massachusetts shore in general. They should get an idea through picture postcards, and in other ways, of what Provincetown harbor and Plymouth harbor look like,—the sand dunes of Provincetown, the pine trees, the historic Plymouth rock, and other coast features.

They should be shown some reconstruction of the *Mayflower* and also a copy of the famous picture showing the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. Another help to visualization would be the well-known picture of the Pilgrims going to church; pictures of Priscilla and John Alden, of Miles Standish, and others of the more prominent pilgrims. Pictures of the old-time furniture should not be neglected. A study of the costumes is also advisable. Reproductions of clothes and of furniture and also of outdoor and indoor tools can be found in the following fully illustrated books by Alice Morse Earle: *Child Life in Colonial Days*; *Home Life in Colonial Days*; Carolyn Sherwin Bailey: *Boys and Girls of Colonial Days*; Basil Mathews: *Argonauts of Faith*; Mara L. Pratt: *Stories of Colonial Days*; Roland G. Usher: *The Story of the Pilgrims*.

It would be a useful exercise to have the children retell some of the "Little Pioneer" stories, illustrating

them by drawings of costumes and furnishings, of Squanto's apparel, of the wigwams of the Indians who took John Billington, and of Remember Allerton's Horn Book.

To reinforce the stories, it might be advisable to read to the children certain parts of Governor Bradford's Journal, and John Winthrop's *History of New England, 1630-1649*. These, needless to say, give interesting accounts of "what happened next." Other good books to read from are: *New England*, by H. M. Brooks; *All Along the Shore*, by M. F. Sweetser; *The Pilgrims*, by J. R. Musick; *New England*, by Edward Everett Hale; *New England*, by Captain John Smith. A splendid bibliography is *The Colonial Period Bibliography*, by Mrs. M. C. Cragin.

The moral lessons taught by these lessons are obvious: courage, fortitude, faith, obedience, diligence, honesty, truth, care of the weak, faith in God. The stories should show the necessity and value of discipline and of self-forgetfulness. All this can be brought out by the teacher's questions and suggestions, and by telling other pioneer stories of Virginia, and of the Middle and Far West. To a certain extent, the children can dramatize the action in these stories. The main point is to have them gain, by every means possible, an appreciation of the sacrifice and courage of the early pioneers, big and little, who made possible our republic.

